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BELL'S EDITION.

THE

MOURNING BRIDE;

A TRAGEDY, by Mr. CONGREVE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

Regulated from the Prompt-Book,

By PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,

By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

——Neque enim lex æquior ulla,
Quàm necis artifices arte perire suâ.

OVID, de Arte Am.

LONDON:
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To her Royal Highneſs the

PRINCESS.

MADAM,

THAT high ſtation, which, by your birth, you hold above the people, exacts from every one, as a duty, whatever honours they are capable of paying to your Royal Highneſs: but that more exalted place, to which your virtues have raiſed you, above the reſt of princes, makes the tribute of our admiration and praiſe, rather a choice, more immediately preventing that duty. The public gratitude is ever founded on a public benefit; and what is univerſally bleſſed, is always an univerſal bleſſing. Thus, from yourſelf we derive the offerings which we bring; and that incenſe which ariſes to your name, only returns to its original, and but naturally requires the parent of its being.

From hence it is, that this poem, conſtituted on a moral whoſe end it is to recommend and to encourage virtue, of conſequence, has recourſe to your Royal Highneſs's patronage; aſpiring to caſt itſelf beneath your feet, and declining approbation, 'till you ſhall condeſcend to own it, and vouchſafe to ſhine upon it, as on a creature of your influence.

It is from the example of princes, that virtue becomes a faſhion in the people; for even they who are averſe to inſtruction, will yet be fond of imitation.

But there are multitudes who never can have means nor opportunities of ſo near an acceſs, as to partake of the benefit of ſuch examples. And, to theſe, tragedy, which diſtinguiſhes itſelf from the vulgar poetry by the dignity of its characters, may be of uſe and information. For they who are at that diſtance from original greatneſs, as to be deprived of the happineſs of contemplating the perfections, and real excellencies of your Royal Highneſs's perſon in your court, may yet behold ſome ſmall ſketch-

es and imagings of the virtues of your mind, abſtracted, and repreſented on the theatre.

Thus poets are inſtructed, and inſtruct; not alone by precepts which perſuade, but alſo by examples which illuſtrate. Thus is delight interwoven with inſtruction; when not only virtue is preſcribed, but alſo repreſented.

But if we are delighted with the livelineſs of a feigned repreſentation of great and good perſons and their actions, how muſt we be charmed with beholding the perſons themſelves? If one or two excelling qualities, barely touched in the ſingle action and ſmall compaſs of a play, can warm an audience with a concern and regard even for the ſeeming ſucceſs and proſperity of the actor, with what zeal muſt the hearts of all be filled for the continued and encreaſing happineſs of thoſe who are the true and living inſtances of elevated and perſiſting virtue? Even the vicious themſelves muſt have a ſecret veneration for thoſe peculiar graces and endowments which are daily ſo eminently conſpicuous in your Royal Highneſs; and, though repining, feel a pleaſure, which, in ſpite of envy, they per-force approve.

If, in this piece, humbly offered to your Royal Highneſs, there ſhall appear the reſemblance of any of thoſe many excellencies which you ſo promiſcuouſly poſſeſs, to be drawn ſo as to merit your leaſt approbation, it has the end and accompliſhment of its deſign. And however imperfect it may be in the whole, through the inexperience or incapacity of the author; yet if there is ſo much as to convince your Royal Highneſs, that a play may be, with induſtry, ſo diſpoſed (in ſpite of the licentious practice of the modern theatre) as to become ſometimes an innocent, and not unprofitable entertainment; it will abundantly gratify the ambition, and recompenſe the endeavours of

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt obedient, and

Moſt humbly devoted ſervant,

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

THE time has been, when plays were not so plenty,
And a less number, new, would well content ye.
Now plays did then like almanacks appear,
And one was thought sufficient for a year:
Though they are more like almanacks of late;
For in one year, I think, they're out of date.
Nor were they, without reason, join'd together;
For just as one prognosticates the weather,
How plentiful the crop, or scarce the grain,
What peals of thunder, or what showers of rain;
So t'other can foretel, by certain rules,
What crops of coxcombs, or what floods of fools.
In such like prophecies were poets skill'd,
Which now they find in their own tribe fulfill'd.
The dearth of wit they did so long presage,
Is fallen on us, and almost starves the stage.
Were you not griev'd, as often as you saw
Poor actors thresh such empty sheafs of straw?
Toiling and lab'ring at their lungs' expence,
To start a jest, or force a little sense?
Hard fate for us, still harder in th' event;
Our authors sin, but we alone repent.
Still they proceed, and, at our charge, write worse;
'Twere some amends, if they cloud reimburse;
But there's the devil, tho' their cause is lost,
There's no recovering damages or cost.
Good wits, forgive this liberty we take,
Since custom gives the losers leave to speak.
But if, provok'd, your dreadful wrath remains,
Take your revenge upon the coming scenes:
For that damn'd poet's spar'd, who damns a brother,
As one thief 'scapes that executes another.
Thus far alone does to the wits relate;
But from the rest we hope a better fate.
To please, and move, has been our poet's theme,
Art may direct, but nature is his aim;

And nature miſs'd, in vain he boaſts his art,
For only nature can affect the heart.
Then freely judge the ſcenes that ſhall enſue;
But as with freedom, judge with candour too.
He would not loſe, thro' prejudice, his cauſe;
Nor won'd obtain, precariouſly, applauſe.
Impartial cenſure he requeſts from all,
Prepar'd, by juſt decrees, to ſtand or fall.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Manuel, the king of Granada,	Mr. Aickin.
Gonſalez, his favourite,	Mr. Packer.
Garcia, ſon to *Gonſalez*,	Mr. Davies.
Perez, captain of the guards,	Mr. Norris.
Alonzo, an officer, creature to *Gonſalez*,	Mr. Wrighten.
Oſmyn, a noble priſoner,	Mr. Smith.
Heli, a priſoner, his friend,	Mr. Hurſt.
Selim, an eunuch,	Mr. Fawcett.

WOMEN.

Almeria, the princeſs of Granada,	Mrs. Yates.
Zara, a captive queen,	Miſs Younge.
Leonora, chief attendant on the princeſs,	Mrs. Johnſton.

Women, eunuchs, and mutes attending *Zara*, guards, &c.

SCENE, *GRANADA.*

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a room of ſtate.*

The curtain riſing ſlowly to ſoft muſic, diſcovers Almeria *in mourning*, Leonora *waiting in mourning.*

After the muſic, Almeria *riſes from her chair, and comes forward.*

ALMERIA.

MUSIC has charms to ſooth a ſavage breaſt,
To ſoften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read, that things inanimate have mov'd,
And as with living ſouls, have been inform'd,
By magic numbers and perſuaſive ſound.
What then am I? Am I more ſenſeleſs grown
Than trees or flint? Oh, force of conſtant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
Anſelmo ſleeps, and is at peace; laſt night
The ſilent tomb receiv'd the good old king;
He and his ſorrows now are ſafely lodg'd
Within its cold, but hoſpitable boſom.
Why am not I at peace?

Leon. Dear Madam, ceaſe,
Or moderate your grief; there is no cauſe——

Alm. No cauſe! Peace, peace; there is eternal cauſe,
And miſery eternal will ſucceed.
Thou canſt not tell—thou haſt indeed no cauſe.

Leon. Believe me, Madam, I lament Anſelmo,
And always did compaſſionate his fortune;
Have often wept, to ſee how cruelly
Your father kept in chains his fellow-king:

And oft, at night, when all have been retir'd,
Have ſtol'n from bed, and to his priſon crept;
Where, while his gaoler ſlept, I thro' the grate
Have ſoftly whiſper'd, and enquir'd his health;
Sent in my ſighs and pray'rs for his deliv'rance;
For ſighs and pray'rs were all that I could offer.

Alm. Indeed thou haſt a ſoft and gentle nature.
That thus could melt to ſee a ſtranger's wrongs.
Oh, Leonora, hadſt thou known Anſelmo,
How wou'd thy heart have bled to ſee his ſufferings!
Thou hadſt no cauſe, but general compaſſion.

Leon. Love of my royal miſtreſs gave me cauſe;
My love of you begot my grief for him;
For I had heard, that when the chance of war
Had bleſs'd Anſelmo's arms with victory,
And the rich ſpoil of all the field, and you,
The glory of the whole, were made the prey
Of his ſucceſs; 'that then, in ſpite of hate,
'Revenge, and that hereditary feud
'Between Valentia's and Granada's kings,'
He did endear himſelf to your affection,
By all the worthy and indulgent ways
His moſt induſtrious goodneſs cou'd invent;
Propoſing, by a match between Alphonſo
His ſon, the brave Valentian prince, and you,
To end the long diſſention, and unite
The jarring crowns.

'*Alm.* Alphonſo! O, Alphonſo!
'Thou too art quiet—long haſt been at peace—
'Both, both——father and ſon are now no more.
'Then why am I? Oh, when ſhall I have reſt?
'Why do I live to ſay you are no more?
'Why are all theſe things thus?—Is it of force?
'Is there neceſſity I muſt be miſerable?
'Is it of moment to the peace of Heav'n
'That I ſhou'd be afflicted thus?——If not,
'Why is it thus contriv'd? Why are things laid
'By ſome unſeen hand, ſo, as of ſure conſequence,
'They muſt to me bring curſes, grief of heart,
'The laſt diſtreſs of life, and ſure deſpair?

'*Leon.* Alas! you ſearch too far, and think too deeply.'

Alm. Why was I carry'd to Anſelmo's court?

Or

Or there, why was I us'd ſo tenderly ?
Why not ill treated, like an enemy ?
For ſo my father wou'd have us'd his child.
Oh, Alphonſo, Alphonſo !
Devouring ſeas have waſh'd thee from my ſight.
No time ſhall raze thee from my memory ;
No, I will live to be thy monument :
The cruel ocean is no more thy tomb :
But in my heart thou art interr'd ; there, there,
Thy dear reſemblance is for ever fix'd ;
My love, my lord, my huſband ſtill, tho' loſt.
Leon. Huſband ! Oh, Heav'ns !
Alm. Alas ! what have I ſaid ?
My grief has hurry'd me beyond all thought.
I wou'd have kept that ſecret ; though I know
Thy love, and faith to me deſerve all confidence.
' But 'tis the wretch's comfort ſtill to have
' Some ſmall reſerve of near and inward woe,
' Some unſuſpected hoard of darling grief,
' Which they unſeen may wail, and weep, and mourn,
' And, glutton-like, alone devour.
' *Leon.* Indeed,
' I knew not this.
' *Alm.* Oh, no, thou know'ſt not half,
' Know'ſt nothing of my ſorrows—if thou didſt—
' If I ſhou'd tell thee, would'ſt thou pity me ?
' Tell me ; I know thou would'ſt ; thou art compaſſionate.'
Leon. Witneſs theſe tears——
' *Alm.* I thank thee, Leonora——
' Indeed I do, for pitying thy ſad miſtreſs :
' For 'tis, alas ! the poor prerogative
' Of greatneſs to be wretched, and unpitied———
' But I did promiſe I wou'd tell thee—What ?
' My miſeries ? Thou doſt already know 'em.
' And when I told thee thou didſt nothing know,
' It was becauſe thou didſt not know Alphonſo :
' For to have known my loſs, thou muſt have known
' His worth, his truth, and tenderneſs of love.'
Leon. The memory of that brave prince ſtands fair
In all report—
And I have heard imperfectly his loſs ;

But

But fearful to renew your troubles paſt,
I never did preſume to aſk the ſtory.

Alm. If for my ſwelling heart I can, I'll tell thee.
I was a welcome captive in Valentia,
E'en on the day when Manuel, my father,
Led on his conqu'ring troops high as the gates
Of king Anſelmo's palace; which in rage,
And heat of war, and dire revenge, he fir'd.
The good king flying to avoid the flames,
Started amidſt his foes, and made captivity
His fatal refuge—Wou'd that I had fall'n
Amidſt thoſe flames—but 'twas not ſo decreed.
Alphonſo, who foreſaw my father's cruelty,
Had borne the queen and me on board a ſhip
Ready to ſail; and when this news was brought
We put to ſea; but being betray'd by ſome
Who knew our flight, we cloſely were purſu'd,
And almoſt taken; when a ſudden ſtorm
Drove us, and thoſe that follow'd, on the coaſt
Of Afric: There our veſſel ſtruck the ſhore
And bulging 'gainſt a rock, was daſh'd in pieces;
But Heav'n ſpar'd me for yet much more affliction!
Conducting them who follow'd us, to ſhun
The ſhore, and ſave me floating on the waves,
While the good queen and my Alphonſo periſh'd.

Leon. Alas! were you then wedded to Alphonſo?

Alm. That day, that fatal day, our hands were join'd.
For when my lord beheld the ſhip purſuing,
And ſaw her rate ſo far exceeding ours,
He came to me, and begg'd me by my love,
I wou'd conſent the prieſt ſhou'd make us one;
That whether death or victory enſu'd
I might be his, beyond the power of fate:
The queen too did aſſiſt his ſuit—I granted;
And in one day was wedded and a widow.

Leon. Indeed 'twas mournful——

Alm. 'Twas—as I have told thee——
For which I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change theſe black and diſmal robes,
Or ever dry theſe ſwoln and watery eyes;

Or

Or ever taſte content, or peace of heart,
While I have life, and thought of my Alphonſo.
' *Leon.* Look down, good Heav'n, with pity on her
ſorrows,
' And grant that time may bring her ſome relief.
' *Alm.* Oh, no! time gives increaſe to my afflictions.
' The circling hours, that gather all the woes
' Which are diffus'd thro' the revolving year,
' Come heavy laden with th' oppreſſing weight
' To me; with me, ſucceſſively, they leave
' The ſighs, the tears, the groans, the reſtleſs cares,
' And all the damps of grief, that did retard their flight:
' They ſhake their downy wings, and ſcatter all
' The dire collected dews on my poor head:
' Then fly with joy and ſwiftneſs from me.'
[*Shouts at a diſtance.*
Leon. Hark!
The diſtant ſhouts proclaim your father's triumph.
O ceaſe, for Heav'n's ſake, aſſuage a little
This torrent of your grief, for, much I fear,
'Twill urge his wrath, to ſee you drown'd in tears,
When joy appears in ev'ry other face.
Alm. And joy he brings to ev'ry other heart,
But double, double weight of woe to mine:
For with him Garcia comes—Garcia, to whom
I muſt be ſacrific'd, and all the vows
I gave my dear Alphonſo baſely broken.
No, it ſhall never be; for I will die
Firſt, die ten thouſand deaths—Look down, look down,
Alphonſo, hear the ſacred vow I make; [*Kneels.*
' One moment, ceaſe to gaze on perfect bliſs,
' And bend thy glorious eyes to earth and me;'
And thou, Anſelmo, if yet thou art arriv'd
Thro' all impediments of purging fire,
To that bright Heav'n, where my Alphonſo reigns,
Behold thou alſo, and attend my vow.
If ever I do yield, or give conſent,
By any action, word, or thought, to wed
Another lord; may then juſt Heav'n ſhow'r down
Unheard of curſes on me, greater far
(If ſuch there be in angry Heaven's vengeance)

Than

Than any I have yet endur'd—And now [*Rising.*
My heart has some relief; having so well
Discharg'd this debt, incumbent on my love.
Yet, one thing more I wou'd engage from thee.
Leon. My heart, my life, and will, are only yours.
Alm. I thank thee. 'Tis but this: anon, when all
Are wrapp'd and busied in the general joy,
Thou wilt withdraw, and privately with me
Steal forth, to visit good Anselmo's tomb.
Leon. Alas! I fear some fatal resolution.
Alm. No, on my life, my faith, I mean no ill,
Nor violence—I feel myself more light,
And more at large, since I have made this vow.
Perhaps I would repeat it there more solemnly.
'Tis that, or some such melancholy thought,
Upon my word, no more.
Leon. I will attend you.

Enter Alonzo.

Alon. The lord Gonsalez comes to tell your highness
The king is just arriv'd.
Alm. Conduct him in. [*Exit* Alon.
That's his pretence; his errand is, I know,
To fill my ears with Garcia's valiant deeds;
And gild and magnify his son's exploits.
But I am arm'd with ice around my heart,
Not to be warm'd with words, or idle eloquence.

Enter Gonsalez.

Gon. Be ev'ry day of your long life like this.
The sun, bright conquest, and your brighter eyes,
Have all conspir'd to blaze promiscuous light,
And bless this day with most unequal lustre.
Your royal father, my victorious lord,
Loaden with spoils, and ever-living laurel,
Is ent'ring now, in martial pomp, the palace.
Five hundred mules precede his solemn march,
Which groan beneath the weight of Moorish wealth.
Chariots of war, adorn'd with glitt'ring gems,
Succeed; and next, a hundred neighing steeds,
White as the fleecy rain on Alpine hills,
That bound and foam, and champ the golden bit,
As they disdain'd the victory they grace.
Prisoners of war in shining fetters follow:

And

And captains of the nobleſt blood of Afric
Sweat by his chariot wheels, ‘ and lick and grind,
‘ With gnaſhing teeth, the duſt his triumphs raiſe.’
The ſwarming populace ſpread every wall,
‘ And cling, as if with claws they did enforce
‘ Their hold; thro’ clifted ſtones ſtretching and ſtaring,
‘ As if they were all eyes, and every limb
‘ Would feed its faculty of admiration:’
While you alone retire, and ſhun this ſight;
This ſight, which is indeed not ſeen (tho’ twice
The multitude ſhould gaze) in abſence of your eyes.

Alm. My lord, mine eyes ungratefully behold
The gilded trophies of exterior honours.
Nor will my ears be charm’d with ſounding words,
Or pompous phraſe, the pageantry of ſouls.
But that my father is return’d in ſafety,
I bend to Heav’n with thanks.

Gon. Excellent princeſs!
But ’tis a taſk unfit for my weak age
With dying words to offer at your praiſe.
Garcia, my ſon, your beauty’s loweſt ſlave,
Has better done; in proving with his ſword
The force and influence of your matchleſs charms.

Alm. I doubt not of the worth of Garcia’s deeds,
Which had been brave, though I had ne’er been born.

Leon. Madam, the king. [*Flouriſh.*

‘ *Alm.* My women. I wou’d meet him.’

[*Attendants to* Almeria *enter in mourning.*
Symphony of warlike muſic. Enter the King, *attended by* Garcia *and ſeveral officers. Files of priſoners in chains, and guards, who are ranged in order round the ſtage.* Almeria *meets the* King, *and kneels: afterwards* Gonſalez *kneels and kiſſes the* King’s *hand, while* Garcia *does the ſame to the princeſs.*

King. Almeria, riſe—My beſt Gonſalez, riſe.
What, tears! my good old friend—

Gon. But tears of joy.
Believe me, Sir, to ſee you thus, has fill’d
Mine eyes with more delight than they can hold.

King. By Heav’n, thou lov’ſt me, and I’m pleas’d thou doſt;
Take it for thanks, old man, that I rejoice

To see thee weep on this occasion—Some
Here are, who seem to mourn at our success!
Why is't, Almeria, that you meet our eyes,
Upon this solemn day, in these sad weeds?
In opposition to my brightness, you
And yours are all like daughters of affliction.

Alm. Forgive me, Sir, if I in this offend.
The year, which I have vow'd to pay to Heav'n,
In mourning and strict life, for my deliv'rance
From wreck and death, wants yet to be expir'd.

King. Your zeal to Heav'n is great, so is your debt:
Yet something too is due to me, who gave
That life, which Heav'n preserv'd. A day bestow'd
In filial duty, had atton'd and given
A dispensation to your vow—No more.
'Twas weak and wilful—and a woman's error.
Yet, upon thought, it doubly wounds my sight,
To see that sable worn upon the day,
Succeeding that, in which our deadliest foe,
Hated Anselmo, was interr'd—By Heav'n,
It looks as thou didst mourn for him: just so
Thy senseless vow appear'd to bear its date,
Not from that hour wherein thou wert preserv'd,
But that wherein the curs'd Alphonso perish'd.
Ha! What? thou dost not weep to think of that!

Gon. Have patience, royal Sir; the princess weeps
To have offended you. If fate decreed,
One pointed hour should be Alphonso's loss,
And her deliverance, is she to blame?

King. I tell thee she 's to blame, not to have feasted
When my first foe was laid in earth, such enmity,
Such detestation bears my blood to his;
My daughter should have revell'd at his death,
She should have made these palace walls to shake,
And all this high and ample roof to ring
With her rejoicings. What, to mourn and weep!
Then, then to weep, and pray, and grieve! by Heav'n,
There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smil'd that hour, through all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony.

Gon. What she has done, was in excess of goodness;

Betray'd by too much piety, to ſeem
As if ſhe had offended.—— Sure, no more.
King. To ſeem is to commit, at this conjuncture.
I wo'not have a ſeeming ſorrow ſeen
To-day.—Retire; diveſt yourſelf with ſpeed
Of that offenſive black; on me be all
The violation of your vow; for you
It ſhall be your excuſe, that I command it.
Gar. [*Kneeling.*] Your pardon, Sir, if I preſume ſo far,
As to remind you of your gracious promiſe.
King. Riſe, Garcia—I forgot. Yet ſtay, Almeria.
Alm. My boding heart!—What is your pleaſure, Sir?
King. Draw near, and give your hand, and, Garcia, yours:
Receive this lord, as one whom I have found
Worthy to be your huſband, and my ſon.
Gar. Thus let me kneel to take—O not to take---
But to devote, and yield myſelf for ever
The ſlave and creature of my royal miſtreſs.
Gon. O let me proſtrate pay my worthleſs thanks---
King. No more; my promiſe long ſince paſs'd, thy ſervices
And Garcia's well-try'd valour, all oblige me.
This day we triumph; but to-morrow's ſun,
Garcia, ſhall ſhine to grace thy nuptials———
Alm. Oh! [*Faints.*
Gar. She faints! help to ſupport her.
'*Gonſ.* She recovers.
King. 'A fit of bridal fear.' How is't, Almeria?
Alm. A ſudden chilneſs ſeizes on my ſpirits.
Your leave, Sir, to retire.
King. Garcia, conduct her.
[Garcia *leads* Almeria *to the door, and returns.*
This idle vow hangs on her woman's fears,
'I'll have a prieſt ſhall preach her from her faith,
'And make it ſin, not to renounce that vow
'Which I'd have broken.' Now, what would Alonzo?
Enter Alonzo.
Alon. Your beauteous captive, Zara, is arriv'd,
And with a train as if ſhe ſtill were wife
To Albucacim, and the Moor had conquer'd.
King. It is our will ſhe ſhould be ſo attended.

'Bear hence these prisoners.' Garcia, which is he,
Of whose mute valour you relate such wonders?

[*Prisoners led off.*

Gar. Osmyn, who led the Moorish horse; but he,
Great Sir, at her request, attends on Zara.

King. He is your prisoner; as you please dispose him.

Gar. I would oblige him, but he shuns my kindness;
And with a haughty mien, and stern civility,
Dumbly declines all offers. If he speak,
'Tis scarce above a word; as he were born
Alone to do, and did disdain to talk;
At least to talk where he must not command.

King. Such sullenness, and in a man so brave,
Must have some other cause than his captivity.
Did Zara, then, request he might attend her?

Gar. My lord, she did.

King. That, join'd with his behaviour,
Begets a doubt. I'd have 'em watch'd; perhaps
Her chains hang heavier on him than his own.

Enter Alonzo, Zara *and* Osmyn *bound, conducted by* Perez *and a guard, and attended by* Selim *and several mutes and eunuchs in a train.*

King. What welcome, and what honours, beauteous Zara,
A king and conqueror can give, are yours.
A conqueror indeed, where you are won;
Who with such lustre strike admiring eyes,
That had our pomp been with your presence grac'd,
Th' expecting crowd had been deceiv'd; and seen
The monarch enter not triumphant, but
In pleasing triumph led; your beauty's slave.

Zar. If I on any terms could condescend
To like captivity, or think those honours,
Which conquerors in courtesy bestow,
Of equal value with unborrow'd rule
And native right to arbitrary sway,
I might be pleas'd, when I behold this train
With usual homage wait: but when I feel
These bonds, I look with loathing on myself,
And scorn vile slavery, though doubly hid
Beneath mock-praises, and dissembled state.

King. Those bonds! 'Twas my command you should [be free.
How durst you, Perez, disobey?

Perez.

Perez. Great Sir,
Your order was she should not wait your triumph;
But at some distance follow, thus attended.
King. 'Tis false; 'twas more; I bid she should be free;
If not in words, I bid it by my eyes.
Her eyes did more than bid——Free her and hers
With speed—yet stay—my hands alone can make
Fit restitution here——Thus I release you,
And by releasing you, enslave myself.
Zar. Such favours, so conferr'd, tho' when unsought;
Deserve acknowledgment from noble minds.
Such thanks, as one hating to be oblig'd——
Yet hating more ingratitude, can pay,
I offer.
King. Born to excel, and to command!
As by transcendent beauty to attract
All eyes, so by preheminence of soul
To rule all hearts.
Garcia, what's he, who with contracted brow,
[*Beholding* Osmyn *as they unbind him.*
And sullen port, glooms downwards with his eyes;
At once regardless of his chains, or liberty?
Gar. That, Sir, is he of whom I spoke; that's Osmyn.
King. He answers well the character you gave him.
Whence comes it, valiant Osmyn, that a man
So great in arms, as thou art said to be,
So hardly can endure captivity,
The common chance of war?
Osm. Because captivity
Has robb'd me of a dear and just revenge.
King. I understand not that.
Osm. I would not have you.
Zar. That gallant Moor in battle lost a friend,
Whom more than life he lov'd; and the regret,
Of not revenging on his foes that loss,
Has caus'd this melancholy and despair.
King. She does excuse him; 'tis as I suspected.
[*To* Gonsr.
Gon. That friend may be herself; seem not to heed
His arrogant reply: she looks concern'd.
King. I'll have enquiry made; perhaps his friend
Yet lives, and is a prisoner. His name?
Zar. Heli.

King. Garcia, that search shall be your care:
It shall be mine to pay devotion here;
At this fair shrine to lay my laurels down,
And raise love's altar on the spoils of war.
Conquest and triumph, now, are mine no more;
Nor will I victory in camps adore:
' For, ling'ring there, in long suspence she stands,
' Shifting the prize in unresolving hands;
' Unus'd to wait, I broke through her delay,
' Fix'd her by force, and snatch'd the doubtful day.
' Now late I find that war is but her sport;
' In love the goddess keeps her awful court;'
Fickle in fields, unsteadily she flies,
But rules with settled sway in Zara's eyes. [*Exit.*

The END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *representing the isle of a temple.*

' Garcia, Heli, Perez.

' GARCIA.

' THIS way, we're told, Osmyn was seen to walk;
' Choosing this lonely mansion of the dead,
' To mourn, brave Heli, thy mistaken fate.
' *Heli.* Let heav'n with thunder to the centre strike me,
' If to arise in very deed from death,
' And to revisit with my long-clos'd eyes
' This living light, cou'd to my soul or sense
' Afford a thought, or shew a glimpse of joy,
' In least proportion to the vast delight
' I feel, to hear of Osmyn's name; to hear
' That Osmyn lives, and I again shall see him.
' *Gar.* I've heard, with admiration, of your friendship.
' *Per.* Yonder, my lord, behold the noble Moor.
' *Hel.* Where? Where?
' *Gar.* I saw him not, nor any like him——
' *Per.* I saw him when I spoke, thwarting my view,
' And striding with distemper'd haste; his eyes
' Seem'd flame, and flash'd upon me with a glance;

' Then

' Then forward ſhot their fires which he purſu'd,
' As to ſome object frightful, yet not fear'd.
' *Gar.* Let's haſte to follow him, and know the cauſe.
' *Hel.* My lord, let me intreat you to forbear:
' Leave me alone, to find and cure the cauſe.
' I know his melancholy, and ſuch ſtarts
' Are uſual to his temper. It might raiſe him
' To act ſome violence upon himſelf,
' So to be caught in an unguarded hour,
' And when his ſoul gives all her paſſions way,
' Secure and looſe in friendly ſolitude.
' I know his noble heart would burſt with ſhame,
' To be ſurpriz'd by ſtrangers in its frailty.
' *Gar.* Go, generous Heli, and relieve your friend.
' Far be it from me, officiouſly to pry
' Or preſs upon the privacies of others.

[*Exit* Heli.

' Perez, the king expects from our return
' To have his jealouſy confirm'd, or clear'd,
' Of that appearing love which Zara bears
' To Oſmyn; but ſome other opportunity
' Muſt make that plain.
' *Per.* To me 'twas long ſince plain,
' And ev'ry look from him and her confirms it.
' *Gar.* If ſo, unhappineſs attends their love,
' And I could pity 'em. I hear ſome coming.
' The friends, perhaps, are met; let us avoid 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. It was a fancy'd noiſe, for all is huſh'd.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or elſe ſome tranſient wind
Whiſtling through hollows of this vaulted iſle.
We'll liſten——
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No, all is huſh'd, and ſtill as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whoſe antient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made ſtedfaſt and immoveable,
Looking tranquility. It ſtrikes an awe
And terror on my aking ſight; the tombs

And

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And ſhoot a chilneſs to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly ſpeak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place
And ſilence will increaſe your melancholy.

Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; ſhew me Anſelmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and ſculls, and mould'ring earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the ſhroud of ſome pale corſe
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more deteſted bed: that thought
Exerts my ſpirit; and my preſent fears
Are loſt in dread of greater ill. Then ſhew me,
Lead me, for I am bolder grown: lead on
Where I may kneel, and pay my vows again
To him, to Heav'n, and my Alphonſo's ſoul.

Leon. I go; but Heav'n can tell with what regret.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Heli.

I wander through this maze of monuments,
Yet cannot find him—Hark! ſure 'tis the voice
Of one complaining—There it ſounds—I'll follow it.

[*Exit.*

The SCENE *opening diſcovers a place of tombs: one monument fronting the view greater than the reſt.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Leon. Behold the ſacred vault, within whoſe womb
The poor remains of good Anſelmo reſt,
Yet freſh and unconſum'd by time or worms.
What do I ſee? Oh, heav'n! either my eyes
Are falſe, or ſtill the marble door remains
Unclos'd; the iron grates, that lead to death
Beneath, are ſtill wide ſtretch'd upon their hinge,
And ſtaring on us with unfolded leaves.

Alm. Sure 'tis the friendly yawn of death for me;
And that dumb mouth, ſignificant in ſhow,
Invites me to the bed, where I alone
Shall reſt; ſhews me the grave, where nature, weary

And

And long oppreſs'd with woes and bending cares,
May lay the burden down, and ſink in ſlumbers
Of peace eternal. ' Death, grim death, will fold
' Me in his leaden arms, and preſs me cloſe
' To his cold clayie breaſt :' my father then
Will ceaſe his tyranny ; and Garcia too
Will fly my pale deformity with loathing.
My ſoul, enlarg'd from its vile bonds, will mount,
And range the ſtarry orbs, and milky ways,
' Of that refulgent world, where I ſhall ſwim
' In liquid light, and float on ſeas of bliſs
To my Alphonſo's ſoul. Oh, joy too great!
Oh, extaſy of thought! Help me, Anſelmo ;
Help me, Alphonſo ; take me, reach thy hand ;
To thee, to thee I call, to thee, Alphonſo :
Oh, Alphonſo !

Oſmyn *aſcending from the tomb.*

Oſm. Who calls that wretched thing that was Alphonſo ?

Alm. Angels, and all the hoſt of Heav'n, ſupport me !

Oſm. Whence is that voice, whoſe ſhrillneſs, from the grave,
And growing to his father's ſhroud, roots up
Alphonſo ?

Alm. Mercy ! Providence ! Oh, ſpeak,
Speak to it quickly, quickly ; ſpeak to me,
Comfort me, help me, hold me, hide me, hide me,
Leonora, in thy boſom, from the light,
And from my eyes.

Oſm. Amazement and illuſion !
Rivet and nail me where I ſtand, ye pow'rs,
[*Coming forward.*
That motionleſs I may be ſtill deceiv'd.
Let me not ſtir, nor breathe, leſt I diſſolve
That tender, lovely form of painted air,
So like Almeria. Ha ! it ſinks, it falls ;
I'll catch it ere it goes, and graſp her ſhade.
'Tis life ! 'tis warm ! 'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe herſelf !
Nor dead, nor ſhade, but breathing and alive !
It is Almeria, 'tis, it is my wife !

Enter Heli.

Leon. Alas ! ſhe ſtirs not yet, nor lifts her eyes ;

He

He too is fainting——Help me, help me, ſtranger,
Whoe'er thou art, and lend thy hand to raiſe
Theſe bodies.

Hcl. Ha! 'tis he! and with——Almeria!
Oh, miracle of happineſs! Oh, joy
Unhop'd for! does Almeria live!

Oſm. Where is ſhe?
Let me behold and touch her, and be ſure
'Tis ſhe; 'ſhew me her face, and let me feel
'Her lips with mine——'Tis ſhe, I'm not deceiv'd;
'I taſte her breath, I warm'd her and am warm'd.'
Look up, Almeria, bleſs me with thy eyes;
Look on thy love, thy lover, and thy huſband.

Alm. I've ſworn I'll not wed Garcia: why d'ye force me.
Is this a father?

Oſm. Look on thy Alphonſo.
Thy father is not here, my love, nor Garcia:
Nor am I what I ſeem, but thy Alphonſo.
'Wilt thou not know me?' Haſt thou then forgot me?
'Haſt thou thy eyes, yet canſt not ſee Alphonſo?'
Am I ſo alter'd, or art thou ſo chang'd,
That ſeeing my diſguiſe, thou ſeeſt not me?

Alm. It is, it is Alphonſo; 'tis his face,
His voice, I know him now, I know him all.
'Oh, take me to thy arms, and bear me hence,
'Back to the bottom of the boundleſs deep,
'To ſeas beneath, where thou ſo long haſt dwelt.
Oh! how haſt thou returned? How haſt thou charm'd
The wildneſs of the waves and rocks to this?
That thus relenting they have giv'n thee back
To earth, to light and life, to love and me.

Oſm. Oh, I'll not aſk, nor anſwer how, or why
We both have backward trod the paths of fate,
To meet again in life; to know I have thee,
Is knowing more than any circumſtance,
Or means, by which I have thee——
To fold thee thus, to preſs thy balmy lips,
And gaze upon thy eyes, is ſo much joy,
I have not leiſure to reflect, or know,
Or trifle time in thinking.

Alm. Stay a while——
Let me look on thee yet a little more.

'*Oſm.*

' *Osm.* What wouldst thou? thou dost put me from thee.

' *Alm.* Yes.

' *Osm.* And why? What dost thou mean? Why dost thou gaze so?

' *Alm.* I know not; 'tis to see thy face, I think—'
It is too much! too much to bear and live!
To see thee thus again is such profusion
Of joy, of bliss——I cannot bear——I must
Be mad——I cannot be transported thus.

Osm. Thou excellence, thou joy, thou heav'n of love!

Alm. Where hast thou been? and how art thou alive?
' How is all this? All-pow'rful Heav'n, what are we?
' Oh, my strain'd heart—— let me again behold thee,
' For I weep to see thee——Art thou not paler?
' Much, much; how thou art chang'd!

' *Osm.* Not in my love.

' *Alm.* No, no, thy griefs, I know, have done this to thee.

' Thou hast wept much, Alphonso; and, I fear,
' Too much, too tenderly, lamented me.

' *Osm.* Wrong not my love, to say too tenderly.
' No more, my life; talk not of tears or grief;
' Affliction is no more, now thou art found.
' Why dost thou weep, and hold thee from my arms,
' My arms which ake to fold thee fast, and grow
' To thee with twining? Come, come to my heart.

' *Alm.* I will, for I should never look enough.
' They would have marry'd me; but I had sworn
' To Heav'n and thee, and sooner would have dy'd—

' *Osm.* Perfection of all faithfulness and love!

' *Alm.* Indeed I wou'd—Nay, I wou'd tell thee all,
' If I could speak; how I have mourn'd and pray'd:
' For I have pray'd to thee, as to a saint;
' And thou hast heard my pray'r; for thou art come
' To my distress, to my despair, which Heav'n
' Could only, by restoring thee, have cur'd.

' *Osm.* Grant me but life, good Heav'n, but length of days,
' To pay some part, some little of this debt,
' This countless sum of tenderness and love,
' For which I stand engag'd to this all excellence:

' Then

'Then bear me in a whirlwind to my fate,
'Snatch me from life, and cut me ſhort unwarn'd:
'Then, then 'twill be enough—I ſhall be old,
'I ſhall have liv'd beyond all æras then
'Of yet unmeaſur'd time; when I have made
'This exquiſite, this moſt amazing goodneſs,
'Some recompence of love and matchleſs truth.
'*Alm.* 'Tis more than recompence to ſee thy face:
'If Heav'n is greater joy it is no happineſs,
'For 'tis not to be borne—What ſhall I ſay?
'I have a thouſand things to know and aſk,
'And ſpeak—That thou art here beyond all hope,
'All thought; that all at once thou art before me,
'And with ſuch ſuddenneſs haſt hit my ſight,
'Is ſuch ſurpriſe, ſuch myſtery, ſuch extaſy,
'It hurries all my ſoul, and ſtuns my ſenſe.'
Sure from thy father's tomb thou didſt ariſe?

Oſm. I did; and thou, my love, didſt call me; thou.

Alm. True; but how cam'ſt thou there? Wert thou alone?

Oſm. I was, and lying on my father's lead,
When broken echoes of a diſtant voice
Diſturb'd the ſacred ſilence of the vault,
In murmurs round my head. I roſe and liſten'd,
And thought I heard thy ſpirit call Alphonſo;
I thought I ſaw thee too; but, Oh, I thought not
That I indeed ſhould be ſo bleſt to ſee thee———

Alm. But ſtill, how cam'ſt thou thither? How thus?
———Ha!
What's he, who, like thyſelf, is ſtarted here
Ere ſeen?

Oſm. Where? Ha! what do I ſee, Antonio!
I'm fortunate indeed—— my friend too, ſafe!

Heli. Moſt happily, in finding you thus bleſs'd.

Alm. More miracles! Antonio too, eſcap'd!

Oſm. And twice eſcap'd; both from the rage of ſeas
And war: for in the fight I ſaw him fall.

Heli. But fell unhurt, a pris'ner as yourſelf,
And as yourſelf made free; hither I came,
Impatiently to ſeek you, where I knew
Your grief would lead you to lament Anſelmo.

'*Oſm.*

' *Osm.* There are no wonders, or elſe all is wonder.
' *Heli.* I ſaw you on the ground, and rais'd you up,
' When with aſtoniſhment I ſaw Almeria.
' *Osm.* I ſaw her too, and therefore ſaw not thee.
' *Alm.* Nor I; nor could I, for my eyes were yours.
Osm. What means the bounty of all-gracious Heav'n,
That perſevering ſtill, with open hand,
It ſcatters good, as in a waſte of mercy!
Where will this end? But Heav'n is infinite
In all, and can continue to beſtow,
When ſcanty number ſhall be ſpent in telling.
Leon. Or I'm deceiv'd, or I beheld the glimpſe
Of two in ſhining habits croſs the iſle;
Who by their pointing, ſeem to mark this place.
Alm. Sure I have dreamt, if we muſt part ſo ſoon.
Osm. I wiſh at leaſt our parting were a dream,
Or we could ſleep 'till we again were met.
Heli. Zara with Selim, Sir, I ſaw and know 'em:
You muſt be quick, for love will lend her wings.
Alm. What love? Who is ſhe? Why are you alarm'd?
Osm. She's the reverſe of thee; ſhe's my unhappineſs.
Harbour no thought that may diſturb thy peace;
' But gently take thyſelf away, leſt ſhe
' Should come, and ſee the ſtraining of my eyes
' To follow thee.'
Retire, my love, I'll think how we may meet
To part no more; my friend will tell thee all;
How I eſcap'd, how I am here, and thus;
How I'm not call'd Alphonſo now, but Oſmyn;
And he Heli. All, all he will unfold,
Ere next we meet——
Alm. Sure we ſhall meet again——
Osm. We ſhall; we part not but to meet again.
Gladneſs and warmth of ever-kindling love
Dwell with thee, and revive thy heart in abſence.
[*Exeunt* Alm. Leon. *and* Heli.
Yet I behold her—yet—and now no more.
Turn your lights inward, eyes, and view my thoughts,
So ſhall you ſtill behold her—' 'twill not be.
' Oh, impotence of ſight! Mechanic ſenſe!
' Which to exterior objects ow'ſt thy faculty,
' Not ſeeing of election, but neceſſity.

‘ Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors,
‘ Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding images :
‘ Not what they would, but muſt ; a ſtar, or toad ;
‘ Juſt as the hand of chance adminiſters.
‘ Not ſo the mind, whoſe undetermin'd view
‘ Revolves, and to the preſent adds the paſt :
‘ Eſſaying farther to futurity ;
‘ But that in vain. I have Almeria here
‘ At once, as I before have ſeen her often—

Enter Zara *and* Selim.

Zar. See where he ſtands, folded and fix'd to earth,
Stiff'ning in thought, a ſtatue among ſtatues.
Why, cruel Oſmyn, doſt thou fly me thus ?
‘ Is it well done ? Is this then the return
‘ For fame, for honour, and for empire loſt ?
‘ But what is loſs of honour, fame, and empire ?
‘ Is this the recompence reſerv'd for love ?
‘ Why, doſt thou leave my eyes, and fly my arms,
‘ To find this place of horror and obſcurity ?'
Am I more loathſome to thee than the grave,
That thou doſt ſeek to ſhield thee there, and ſhun
My love ? But to the grave I'll follow thee—
He looks not, minds not, hears not ; barb'rous man !
Am I neglected thus ? Am I deſpis'd ?
Not hear'd ! Ungrateful Oſmyn !

Oſm. Ha, 'tis Zara !

Zar. Yes, traitor ; Zara, loſt, abandon'd Zara,
Is a regardleſs ſuppliant, now, to Oſmyn.
The ſlave, the wretch that ſhe redeem'd from death,
Diſdains to liſten now, or look on Zara.

Oſm. Far be the guilt of ſuch reproaches from me ;
Loſt in myſelf, and blinded by my thoughts,
I ſaw you not till now.

Zar. Now then you ſee me—
But with ſuch dumb and thankleſs eyes you look,
Better I was unſeen, than ſeen thus coldly.

Oſm. What would you from a wretch who came to mourn,
And only for his ſorrows choſe this ſolitude ?
Look round ; joy is not here, nor chearfulneſs.
You have purſu'd misfortue to its dwelling,
Yet look for gaiety and gladneſs there.

Zar.

Zar. Inhuman! Why, why doſt thou rack me thus?
And, with perverſeneſs, from the purpoſe, anſwer?
What is't to me, this houſe of miſery?
What joy do I require? If thou doſt mourn,
I come to mourn with thee, to ſhare thy griefs,
And give thee, for 'em, in exchange, my love.

Oſm. Oh, that's the greateſt grief—I am ſo poor,
I have not wherewithal to give again.

Zar. Thou haſt a heart, tho' 'tis a ſavage one;
Give it me as it is; I aſk no more
For all I've done, and all I have endur'd:
For ſaving thee, when I beheld thee firſt,
Driv'n by the tide upon my country's coaſt,
Pale and expiring, drench'd in briny waves,
Thou and thy friend, till my compaſſion found thee;
Compaſſion! ſcarce will't own that name, ſo ſoon,
So quickly, was it love; for thou wert godlike
E'en then. Kneeling on earth, I loos'd my hair,
And with it dry'd thy wat'ry cheeks, then chaf'd
Thy temples, till reviving blood aroſe,
And, like the morn, vermilion'd o'er thy face.
Oh, Heav'n! how did my heart rejoice and ake,
When I beheld the day-break of thy eyes,
And felt the balm of thy reſpiring lips!

'*Oſm.* Oh, call not to my mind what you have done;
'It ſets a debt of that account before me,
'Which ſhews me poor and bankrupt even in hopes.

Zar. 'The faithful Selim, and my women, know
'The danger which I tempted to conceal you.
'You know how I abus'd the cred'lous king;
'What arts I us'd to make you paſs on him,
'When he receiv'd you as the prince of Fez;
'And as my kinſman, honour'd and advanc'd you.'
Oh! why do I relate what I have done?
What did I not? Was't not for you this war
Commenc'd? Not knowing who you were, nor why
You hated Manuel, I urg'd my huſband
To this invaſion; where he late was loſt,
Where all is loſt, and I am made a ſlave.

* Osm. *You pierce my soul—I own it all—But while*
The power is wanting to repay such benefits,
'Tis treble anguish to a generous heart.

Zara. Repay me with thy heart—What, dost thou start?
Make no reply! Is this thy gratitude?
Look on me now, from empire fall'n to slavery;
Think on my suff'rings first, then look on me;
Think on the cause of all, then view thyself:
Reflect on Osmyn, and then look on Zara,
The fall'n, the lost, and now the captive Zara,
And now abandon'd——Say, what then is Osmyn?

Osm. A fatal wretch—A huge, stupendous ruin,
That tumbling on its prop, crush'd all beneath,
And bore contiguous palaces to earth.

Zara. Yet thus, thus fall'n, thus levell'd with the vilest,
If I have gain'd thy love, 'tis glorious ruin;
Ruin! 'tis still to reign, and to be more
A queen; for what are riches, empire, power,
But larger means to gratify the will?
The steps on which we tread, to rise and reach
Our wish; and that obtain'd, down with the scaffolding
Of sceptres, crowns, and thrones; they've serv'd their end,
And are, like lumber, to be left and scorn'd.

Osm. Why was I made the instrument to throw
In bonds the frame of this exalted mind?

Zara. We may be free; the conqueror is mine;
In chains unseen I hold him by the heart,
And can unwind and strain him as I please.
Give me thy love, I'll give thee liberty.

Osm. In vain you offer, and in vain require
What neither can bestow. Set free yourself,
And leave a slave the wretch that would be so.

Zara. Thou canst not mean so poorly as thou talk'st.

Osm. Alas! you know me not.

Zara. Not who thou art:
But what this last ingratitude declares,
This groveling baseness—Thou say'st true, I know
Thee not; for what thou art yet wants a name:

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* The lines printed in Italics are not in the original, but are now given to the reader as delivered in the representation at Drury-lane Theatre.

By

By something so unworthy and so vile,
That to have lov'd thee makes me yet more lost,
Than all the malice of my other fate.
Traitor, monster, cold perfidious slave;
A slave not daring to be free; nor dares
To love above him; for 'tis dangerous.
'Tis that, I know; for thou dost look, with eyes
Sparkling desire, and trembling to possess.
I know my charms have reach'd thy very soul,
And thrill'd thee through with darting fires; but thou
Dost fear so much, thou dar'st not wish.' The king!
There, there's the dreadful sound, the king's thy rival!

Sel. Madam, the king is here, and entering now.

Zara. As I could wish; by Heav'n I'll be reveng'd.

Enter the King, Perez, *and attendants.*

King. Why does the fairest of her kind withdraw
Her shining from the day, to gild this scene
Of death and night? Ha! what disorder's this?
Somewhat I heard of king and rival mention'd.
What's he that dares be rival to the king,
Or lift his eyes to like where I adore? [slave.

Zara. There, he, your prisoner, and that was my

King. How? better than my hopes! Does she accuse him? [*Aside.*

Zara. Am I become so low by my captivity,
And do your arms so lessen what they conquer,
That Zara must be made the sport of slaves?
And shall the wretch, whom yester sun beheld
Waiting my nod, the creature of my pow'r,
Presume to-day to plead audacious love,
And build bold hopes on my dejected fate?

King. Better for him to tempt the rage of Heav'n,
And wrench the bolt red-hissing from the hand
Of him that thunders, than but to think that insolence.
'Tis daring for a god.' Hence to the wheel
With that Ixion, who aspires to hold
Divinity embrac'd; to whips and prisons
Drag him with speed, and rid me of his face.
[*Guards seize* Osmyn, *and exeunt.*

Zara. Compassion led me to bemoan his state,
Whose former fate had merited much more;

And, through my hopes in you, I undertook
He should be set at large; thence sprung his insolence,
And what was charity, he construe'd love.

King. Enough; his punishment be what you please.
But let me lead you from this place of sorrow,
To one where young delights attend, ' and joys,
' Yet new, unborn, and blooming in the bud,
' Which wait to be full-blown at your approach,
' And spread, like roses, to the morning sun:'
Where ev'ry hour shall roll in circling joys,
And love shall wing the tedious-wasting day.
Life, without love, is load; and time stands still:
What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only, when we love, we live. [*Exeunt.*

End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

SCENE, *a prison.*

Osmyn, *with a paper.*

BUT now, and I was clos'd within the tomb
That holds my father's ashes; and but now,
Where he was pris'ner, I am too imprison'd.
Sure 'tis the hand of Heav'n that leads me thus,
And for some purpose points out these remembrances.
In a dark corner of my cell I found
This paper; what it is this light will shew.

" If my Alphonso"——Ha! [*Reading.*
" If my Alphonso live, restore him, Heav'n;
" Give me more weight, crush my declining years
" With bolts, with chains, imprisonment and want;
" But bless my son, visit not him for me.

It is his hand; this was his pray'r——yet more:

" Let ev'ry hair, which sorrow by the roots [*Reading.*
" Tears from my hoary and devoted head,
" Be doubled in thy mercies to my son:
" Not for myself, but him, hear me, all-gracious—

'Tis

'Tis wanting what ſhould follow—Heav'n ſhou'd follow,
But 'tis torn off—Why ſhou'd that word alone
Be torn from this petition? 'Twas to Heav'n,
But Heav'n was deaf, Heav'n heard him not; but thus,
Thus as the name of Heav'n from this is torn,
So did it tear the ears of mercy from
His voice, ſhutting the gates of pray'r againſt him.
If piety be thus debarr'd acceſs
On high, and of good men the very beſt
Is ſingled out to bleed, and bear the ſcourge,
What is reward? Or what is puniſhment?
But who ſhall dare to tax eternal juſtice!
Yet I may think——I may, I muſt; for thought
Precedes the will to think, and error lives
Ere reaſon can be born. 'Reaſon, the power
'To gueſs at right and wrong, the twinkling lamp
'Of wand'ring life, that winks and wakes by turns,
'Fooling the follower, betwixt ſhade and ſhining.'
What noiſe! Who's there? My friend? How cam'ſt
thou hither?

Enter Heli.

Heli. The time's too precious to be ſpent in telling.
The captain, influenc'd by Almeria's power,
Gave order to the guards for my admittance.

Oſm. How does Almeria? But I know ſhe is
As I am. Tell me, may I hope to ſee her?

Heli. You may. Anon, at midnight, when the king
Is gone to reſt, and Garcia is retir'd,
'(Who takes the privilege to viſit late,
'Preſuming on a bridegroom's right)' ſhe'll come.

Oſm. She'll come; 'tis what I wiſh, yet what I fear.
She'll come; but whither, and to whom? Oh, Heav'n!
To a vile priſon, and a captive wretch;
To one, whom, had ſhe never known, ſhe had
Been happy. Why, why was that heav'nly creature
Abandon'd o'er to love what Heav'n forſakes?
Why does ſhe follow, with unwearied ſteps,
One, who has tir'd misfortune with purſuing?
'One driven about the world, like blaſted leaves
'And chaff, the ſport of adverſe winds; 'till late,

'At

'At length impriſon'd in ſome cleft of rock,
'On earth it reſts, and rots to ſilent duſt.'

Heli. Have hopes, and hear the voice of better fate.
I've learn'd there are diſorders ripe for mutiny
Among the troops, who thought to ſhare the plunder,
Which Manuel to his own uſe and avarice
Converts. This news has reach'd Valentia's frontiers,
Where many of your ſubjects, long oppreſs'd
With tyranny, and grievous impoſitions,
Are riſen in arms, and call for chiefs to head
And lead them to regain their rights and liberty.

Oſm. By Heav'n thou'aſt rous'd me from my lethargy,
The ſpirit which was deaf to my own wrongs,
And the loud cries of my dead father's blood,
'Deaf to revenge—nay, which refus'd to hear
'The piercing ſighs and murmurs of my love
'Yet unenjoy'd; what not Almeria could
'Revive or raiſe,' my people's voice has waken'd.

Heli. Our poſture of affairs, and ſcanty time
My lord, require you ſhould compoſe yourſelf.

Oſm. Oh, my Antonio! I am all on fire;
My ſoul is up in arms, ready to charge
And bear amidſt the foe with conqu'ring troops.
I hear 'em call to lead 'em on to liberty,
To victory; their ſhouts and clamours rend
My ears, and reach the Heav'ns. Where is the king?
Where is Alphonſo? Ha! where? where indeed?
Oh, I could tear and burſt the ſtrings of life,
To break theſe chains. Off, off, ye ſtains of royalty;
Off, ſlavery. Oh, curſe! that I alone
Can beat and flutter in my cage, when I
Would ſoar and ſtoop at victory beneath.

Heli. *Abate this ardour, Sir, or we are loſt.*

Zara, the cauſe of your reſtraint, may be
The means of liberty reſtor'd. That gain'd,
Occaſion will not fail to point out ways
For your eſcape. Mean time, I've thought already
With ſpeed and ſafety to convey myſelf,
Where not far off ſome malcontents hold council
Nightly, who hate this tyrant; ſome, who love

Anſelmo's memory, and will, for certain,
When they ſhall know you live, aſſiſt your cauſe.
Oſm. My friend and counſellor, as thou think'ſt fit,
So do. I will, with patience, wait my fortune.
Heli. When Zara comes, abate of your averſion.
Oſm. I hate her not, nor can diſſemble love:
But as I may I'll do. ' I have a paper
' Which I would ſhew thee, friend, but that the ſight
' Would hold thee here, and clog thy expedition.
' Within I found it, by my father's hand
' 'Twas writ; a pray'r for me, wherein appears
' Paternal love prevailing o'er his ſorrows;
' Such ſanctity, ſuch tenderneſs, ſo mix'd
' With grief, as would draw tears from inhumanity.
' *Heli.* The care of Providence ſure left it there,
' To arm your mind with hope. Such piety
' Was never heard in vain. Heav'n has in ſtore
' For you thoſe bleſſings it witheld from him.
' In that aſſurance live; which time, I hope,
' And our next meeting will confirm.
Oſm. Farewel,
My friend; the good thou doſt deſerve, attend thee.
[*Exit* Heli.
I've been to blame, and queſtion'd with impiety
The care of Heav'n. Not ſo my father bore
More anxious grief. This ſhould have better taught me;
' This leſſon, in ſome hour of inſpiration
' By him ſet down, when his pure thoughts were borne,
' Like fumes of ſacred incenſe o'er the clouds,
' And wafted thence, on angel's wings, thro' ways
' Of light, to the bright ſource of all. For there
' He in the book of preſcience ſaw this day;
' And waking to the world and mortal ſenſe,
' Left this example of his reſignation,'
This his laſt legacy to me: which, here,
I'll treaſure as more worth than diadems,
Or all extended rule of regal pow'r.

Enter Zara, *veil'd.*

Oſm. What brightneſs breaks upon me thus through ſhades,
And promiſes a day to this dark dwelling?
Is it my love?—

Zara.

Zara. Oh, that thy heart had taught [*Lifting her veil.*
Thy tongue that saying!

Osm. Zara! I am betray'd by my surprize.

Zara. What, does my face displease thee?
That, having seen it, thou dost turn thy eyes
Away, as from deformity and horror?
If so, this sable curtain shall again
Be drawn, and I will stand before thee, seeing,
And unseen. Is it my love? Ask again
That question; speak again in that soft voice;
And look again with wishes in thy eyes.
Oh, no! thou canst not, for thou seest me now,
As she whose savage breast hath been the cause
Of these thy wrongs; as she whose barb'rous rage
Has loaded thee with chains and galling irons.
'Well dost thou scorn me, and upbraid my falseness;
'Could one who lov'd, thus torture whom she lov'd?
'No, no, it must be hatred, dire revenge,
'And detestation, that could use thee thus.
'So dost thou think; then do but tell me so;
'Tell me, and thou shalt see how I'll revenge
'Thee on this false one, how I'll stab and tear
'This heart of flint, 'till it shall bleed; and thou
'Shalt weep for mine, forgetting thy own miseries."

Osm. You wrong me, beauteous Zara, to believe
I bear my fortunes with so low a mind,
'As still to meditate revenge on all
'Whom chance, or fate, working by secret causes,
'Has made, per-force, subservient to the end;
'The heav'nly pow'rs allot me;' no, not you,
But destiny and inauspicious stars
Have cast me down to this low being. Or
Granting you had, from you I have deserv'd it.

Zara. Canst thou forgive me then? wilt thou believe
So kindly of my fault, to call it madness?
Oh, give that madness yet a milder name,
And call it passion! then, be still more kind,
And call that passion love.

Osm. Give it a name,
Or being, as you please, such I will think it. [ness,

Zara. Oh, thou dost wound me more with this thy good-

Than

Than e'er thou couldſt with bittereſt reproaches;
Thy anger could not pierce thus to my heart.
Oſm. Yet I could wiſh——
Zara. Haſte me to know it; what?
Oſm. That at this time I had not been this thing.
Zara. What thing?
Oſm. This ſlave.
Zara. Oh, Heav'n my fears interpret
This thy ſilence; ſomewhat of high concern,
Long faſhioning within thy labouring mind,
And now juſt ripe for birth, my rage has ruin'd.
Have I done this? Tell me, am I ſo curs'd?
Oſm. Time may have ſtill one fated hour to come,
Which, wing'd with liberty, might overtake
Occaſion paſt.
Zara. Swift as occaſion, I
Myſelf will fly; and earlier than the morn,
Wake thee to freedom. 'Now 'tis late; and yet
'Some news few minutes paſt, arriv'd, which ſeem'd
'To ſhake the temper of the king—Who knows
'What racking cares diſeaſe a monarch's bed?
'Or love, that late at night ſtill lights his lamp,
'And ſtrikes his rays thro' duſk and folded lids,
'Forbidding reſt, may ſtretch his eyes awake,
'And force their balls abroad at this dead hour.
'I'll try.
Oſm. I have not merited this grace;
Nor, ſhould my ſecret purpoſe take effect,
Can I repay, as you require, ſuch benefits.
Zara. Thou canſt not owe me more, nor have I more
To give, than I've already loſt. But now,
So does the form of our engagements reſt,
Thou haſt the wrong till I redeem thee hence;
That done, I leave thy juſtice to return
My love. Adieu. [*Exit.*
Oſm. This woman has a ſoul
Of godlike mould, intrepid and commanding,
And challenges, in ſpite of me, my beſt
Eſteem; 'to this, ſhe's fair, few more can boaſt
'Of perſonal charms, or with leſs vanity
'Might hope to captivate the hearts of kings;'

But

But she has passions which outstrip the wind,
And tear her virtues up, as tempests root
The sea. I fear, when she shall know the truth,
Some swift and dire event of her blind rage
Will make all fatal. But behold, she comes
For whom I fear, to shield me from my fears,
The cause and comfort of my boding heart.

Enter Almeria.

My life, my health, my liberty, my all!
How shall I welcome thee to this sad place?
How speak to thee the words of joy and transport?
How run into thy arms, witheld by fetters;
Or take thee into mine, while I'm thus manacled
And pinion'd like a thief or murderer?
Shall I not hurt or bruise thy tender body,
And stain thy bosom with the rust of these
Rude irons? Must I meet thee thus, Almeria?

Alm. Thus, thus; we parted, thus to meet again.
Thou told'st me thou would'st think how we might meet
To part no more——Now we will part no more;
For these thy chains, or death, shall join us ever.

'*Osm.* Hard means to ratify thy word!—Oh, cruelty!
'That ever I should think beholding thee
'A torture!—Yet, such is the bleeding anguish
'Of my heart, to see thy sufferings——Oh, Heav'n!
'That I could almost turn my eyes away,
'Or wish thee from my sight.

'*Alm.* Oh, say not so!
'Tho' 'tis because thou lov'st me. Do not say,
'On any terms, that thou dost wish me from thee.
'No, no, 'tis better thus, that we together
'Feed on each other's heart, devour our woes
'With mutual appetite; and mingling in
'One cup the common stream of both our eyes,
'Drink bitter draughts, with never-slaking thirst;
'Thus better, than for any cause to part.
'What dost thou think? Look not so tenderly
'Upon me—speak, and take me in thy arms——
'Thou canst not; thy poor arms are bound, and strive
'In vain with thy remorseless chains, which gnaw
'And eat into thy flesh, fest'ring thy limbs
'With rankling rust.'

Osm.

Osm. Oh! O———

Alm. Give me that sigh.
Why dost thou heave, and stifle in thy griefs?
Thy heart will burst, thy eyes look red, and start;
Give thy soul way, and tell me thy dark thought.

Osm. For this world's rule, I would not wound thy breast
With such a dagger as then stuck my heart.

Alm. Why? why? To know it, cannot wound me more
Than knowing thou hast felt it. Tell it me,
—Thou giv'st me pain with too much tenderness.

Osm. And thy excessive love distracts my sense.
Oh, wouldst thou be less killing, soft, or kind,
Grief could not double thus his darts against me.

Alm. Thou dost me wrong, and grief too robs my heart,
If there he shoot not every other shaft;
Thy second self shou'd feel each other wound,
And woe should be in equal portions dealt.
I am thy wife—

Osm. Oh, thou hast search'd too deep:
There, there I bleed; there pull the cruel cords,
That strain my cracking nerves; engines and wheels,
That piece-meal grind, are beds of down and balm
To that soul-racking thought.

Alm. Then I am curs'd
Indeed, if that be so; if I'm thy torment,
Kill me, then, kill me, dash me with thy chains,
Tread on me: 'What, am I the bosom-snake
'That sucks thy warm life-blood, and gnaws thy heart;
'Oh, that thy words had force to break those bonds,
'As they have strength to tear this heart in sunder;
'So shou'dst thou be at large from all oppression.'
Am I, am I of all thy woes the worst?

Osm. My all of bliss, my everlasting life,
Soul of my soul, and end of all my wishes,
Why dost thou thus unman me with thy words,
'And melt me down to mingle with thy weepings?
'Why dost thou ask? Why dost thou talk thus piercingly?'
Thy sorrows have disturb'd thy peace of mind,
And thou dost speak of miseries impossible.

Alm. Didst not thou say that racks and wheels were balm
And beds of ease, to thinking me thy wife?

Osm. No, no; nor shou'd the subtlest pains that hell
Or hell-born malice can invent, extort
A wish or thought from me to have thee other.
But thou wilt know what harrows up my heart:
Thou art my wife——nay, thou art yet my bride——
The sacred union of connubial love
Yet unaccomplish'd: 'his mysterious rites
'Delay'd; nor has our hymeneal torch
'Yet lighted up his last most grateful sacrifice:
'But dash'd with rain from eyes, and swal'd with sighs,
'Burns dim, and glimmers with expiring light.'
Is this dark cell a temple for that god?
Or this vile earth an altar for such offerings?
This den for slaves, this dungeon damp'd with woes;
'Is this our marriage bed? are these our joys?'
Is this to call thee mine? Oh, hold, my heart!
To call thee mine? Yes; thus even thus to call
Thee mine, were comfort, joy, extremest extasy.
But, Oh, thou art not mine, not e'en in misery;
And 'tis deny'd to me to be so bless'd,
As to be wretched with thee.

Alm. No; not that
Th' extremest malice of our fate can hinder:
That still is left us, and on that we'll feed,
As on the leavings of calamity.
There we will feast and smile on past distress,
And hug, in scorn of it, or mutual ruin.

Osm. Oh, thou dost talk, my love, as one resolv'd,
Because not knowing danger. But look forward;
Think of to-morrow, when thou shalt be torn
From these weak, struggling, unextended arms:
Think how my heart will heave, and eyes will strain,
To grasp and reach what is deny'd my hands:
'Think how the blood will start, and tears will gush,
'To follow thee, my separating soul.'
Think how I am, when thou shalt wed with Garcia!
Then will I smear these walls with blood, disfigure
And dash my face, and rive my clotted hair,
Break on this flinty floor my throbbing breast,
And grovel with gash'd hands to scratch a grave,
'Stripping my nails to tear this pavement up,'
And bury me alive.

Alm.

Alm. Heart-breaking horror!
Oſm. Then Garcia ſhall lie panting on thy boſom,
Luxurious, revelling amidſt thy charms;
'And thou per-force muſt yield, and aid his tranſport.'
Hell! Hell! have I not cauſe to rage and rave?
What are all racks, and wheels, and whips to this?
'Are they not ſoothing ſoftneſs, ſinking eaſe,
'And wafting air to this?' Oh, my Almeria!
What do the damn'd endure, but to deſpair,
But knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever?
Alm. Oh, I am ſtruck; thy words are bolts of ice,
Which ſhot into my breaſt, now melt and chill me.
'I chatter, ſhake, and faint with thrilling fears.
'No, hold me not——Oh, let us not ſupport,
'But ſink each other, deeper yet, down, down,
'Where levell'd low, no more we'll lift our eyes,
'But prone, and dumb, rot the firm face of earth
'With rivers of inceſſant ſcalding rain.'

Enter Zara, Perez, Selim.

Zar. Somewhat of weight to me requires his freedom?
Dare you diſpute the king's command? Behold
The royal ſignet.
Per. I obey; yet beg
Your majeſty one moment to defer
Your ent'ring, 'till the princeſs is return'd
From viſiting the noble priſoner.
Zar. Ha!
What ſay'ſt thou?
Oſm. We are loſt! undone! diſcover'd!
'Retire, my life, with ſpeed——Alas, we're ſeen:'
Speak of compaſſion, let her hear you ſpeak
Of interceding for me with the king;
Saying ſomething quickly to conceal our loves,
If poſſible——
Alm.——I cannot ſpeak.
Oſm. Let me
Conduct you forth, as not perceiving her,
But till ſhe's gone; then bleſs me thus again.
Zar. Trembling and weeping as he leads her forth!
Confuſion in his face, and grief in hers!
'Tis plain I've been abus'd—'Death and deſtruction!
'How ſhall I ſearch into this myſtery?

'The blueſt blaſt of peſtilential air
'Strike, damp, deaden her charms, and kill his eyes;'
Perdition catch 'em both, and ruin part 'em.

Oſm. This charity to one unknown, and thus
[*Aloud to* Almeria *as ſhe goes out.*
Diſtreſs'd, Heav'n will repay; all thanks are poor.
[*Exit* Almeria.

Zar. Damn'd, damn'd diſſembler! Yet I will be calm,
Choak in my rage, and know the utmoſt depth
Of this deceiver——You ſeem much ſurpriz'd.

Oſm. At your return ſo ſoon and unexpected!

Zara. And ſo unwiſh'd, unwanted too it ſeems.
Confuſion! Yet I will contain myſelf.
You're grown a favourite ſince laſt we parted;
Perhaps I'm ſaucy and intruding——

Oſm.——Madam!

Zara. I did not know the princeſs' favourite.
Your pardon, Sir——miſtake me not; you think
I'm angry; you're deceiv'd. I came to ſet
You free; but ſhall return much better pleas'd,
To find you have an intereſt ſuperior.

Oſm. You do not come to mock my miſeries?

Zar. I do.

Oſm. I could at this time ſpare your mirth.

Zar. I know thou couldſt; but I'm not often pleas'd.
And will indulge it now. What miſeries?
Who would not be thus happily confin'd,
To be the care of weeping majeſty;
To have contending queens, at dead of night,
Forſake their down, to wake with wat'ry eyes,
And watch like tapers o'er your hours of reſt?
Oh, curſe! I cannot hold——

Oſm. Come, 'tis too much.

Zar. Villain!

Oſm. How, Madam!

Zar. Thou ſhalt die.

Oſm. I thank you. [live.

Zar. Thou ly'ſt, for now I know for whom thou'dſt

Oſm. Then you may know for whom I die.

Zar. Hell! Hell!
Yet I'll be calm——Dark and unknown betrayer!

But

But now the dawn begins, and the ſlow hand
Of Fate is ſtretch'd to draw the veil, and leave
Thee bare, the naked mark of public view.
Oſm. You may be ſtill deceiv'd, 'tis in my pow'r——
Chain'd as I am, to fly from all my wrongs
And free myſelf, at once, from miſery,
And you of me.
Zar. Ha! ſay'ſt thou—but I'll prevent it——
Who waits there? As you will anſwer it, look this
ſlave [*To the guard.*
Attempt no means to make himſelf away.
I've been deceiv'd. The public ſafety now
Requires he ſhou'd be more confin'd, and none,
No, not the princeſs, ſuffer'd or to ſee
Or ſpeak with him. I'll quit you to the king.
Vile and ingrate! too late thou ſhalt repent
The baſe injuſtice thou haſt done my love:
Yes, thou ſhalt know, ſpite of thy paſt diſtreſs,
And all thoſe ills which thou ſo long haſt mourn'd;
Heav'n has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
Nor hell a fury like a woman ſcorn'd. *Exeunt.*

END of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a room of ſtate.*

Zara, Selim.

ZARA.

THOU haſt already rack'd me with thy ſtay;
Therefore require me not to aſk thee twice:
Reply at once to all. What is concluded?
Sel. Your accuſation highly has incens'd
The king, and were alone enough to urge
The fate of Oſmyn; but to that, freſh news
Has ſince arriv'd, of more revolted troops.
'Tis certain Heli too is fled, and with him
(Which breeds amazement and diſtraction) ſome
Who bore high offices of weight and truſt,
Both in the ſtate and army. This confirms
The king in full belief of all you told him

Concerning Oſmyn, and his correſpondence
With them who firſt began the mutiny.
Wherefore a warrant for his death is ſign'd;
And order given for public execution.

Zar. Ha! haſte thee! fly, prevent his fate and mine;
Find out the king, tell him I have of weight
More than his crown t'impart ere Oſmyn die.

Sel. It needs not, for the king will ſtraight be here,
And as to your revenge, not his own int'reſt,
Pretend to ſacrifice the life of Oſmyn.

Zar. What ſhall I ſay? Invent, contrive, adviſe
Somewhat to blind the king, and ſave his life,
In whom I live. 'Spite of my rage and pride,
'I am a woman, and a lover ſtill.
'Oh! 'tis more grief but to ſuppoſe his death,
'Than ſtill to meet the rigour of his ſcorn.
'From my deſpair my anger had its ſource;
'When he is dead I muſt deſpair for ever.
'For ever! that's deſpair——it was diſtruſt
'Before; diſtruſt will ever be in love,
'And anger in diſtruſt; both ſhort-liv'd pains.
'But in deſpair, and ever-during death,
'No term, no bound, but infinite of woe.
'Oh, torment, but to think! what then to bear?
'Not to be borne'——Deviſe the means to ſhun it,
Quick; or, by Heav'n, this dagger drinks thy blood.

Sel. My life is yours, nor wiſh I to preſerve it,
But to ſerve you. I have already thought.

Zar. Forgive my rage; I know thy love and truth.
But ſay, what's to be done? or when, or how,
Shall I prevent or ſtop th' approaching danger?

Sel. You muſt ſtill ſeem moſt reſolute and fix'd
On Oſmyn's death; too quick a change of mercy
Might breed ſuſpicion of the cauſe. Adviſe
That execution may be done in private.

Zar. On what pretence?

Sel. Your own requeſt's enough.
However, for a colour, tell him, you
Have cauſe to fear his guards may be corrupted,
And ſome of them bought off to Oſmyn's intereſt,
Who at the place of execution will
Attempt to force his way for an eſcape;

The ſtate of things will countenance all ſuſpicions.
Then offer to the king to have him ſtrangled
In ſecret by your mutes; and get an order,
That none but mutes may have admittance to him.
I can no more, the king is here. Obtain
This grant, and I'll acquaint you with the reſt.

Enter King, Gonſalez, *and* Perez.

King. Bear to the dungeon thoſe rebellious ſlaves,
'Th' ignoble curs, that yelp to fill the cry,
'And ſpend their mouths in barking tyranny.'
But for their leaders, Sancho and Ramirez,
Let 'em be led away to preſent death.
Perez, ſee it perform'd.

Gonſ. Might I preſume,
Their execution better were deferr'd,
'Till Oſmyn die. Mean time we may learn more
Of this conſpiracy.

King. Then be it ſo.
Stay, ſoldier; they ſhall ſuffer with the Moor.
Are none return'd of thoſe that follow'd Heli?

Gonſ. None, Sir. Some papers have been ſince diſcover'd
In Roderigo's houſe, who fled with him,
Which ſeem to intimate, as if Alphonſo
Were ſtill alive, and arming in Valentia:
Which wears indeed this colour of a truth,
They who are fled have that way bent their courſe.
Of the ſame nature divers notes have been
Diſpers'd t'amuſe the people; whereupon
Some, ready of belief, have rais'd this rumour:
That being ſav'd upon the coaſt of Afric,
He there diſclos'd himſelf to Albucacim,
And by a ſecret compact made with him,
Open'd and urg'd the way to this invaſion;
While he himſelf, returning to Valentia
In private, undertook to raiſe this tumult.

Zar. Ha! hear'ſt thou that? Is Oſmyn then Alphonſo?
'Oh, heav'n! a thouſand things occur at once
'To my remembrance now, that make it plain.'
Oh, certain death for him, as ſure deſpair
For me, if it be known——If not, what hope
Have I? Yet 'twere the loweſt baſeneſs now,

To

To yield him up—No, I will conceal him,
And try the force of yet more obligations.
Gonſ. 'Tis not impoſſible. Yet it may be
That ſome impoſtor has uſurp'd his name.
Your beauteous captive Zara can inform,
If ſuch an one, ſo 'ſcaping, was receiv'd,
At any time in Albucacim's court.
King. Pardon, fair excellence, this long neglect:
An unforeſeen, unwelcome hour of buſineſs,
Has thruſt between us and our while of love;
But wearing now apace with ebbing ſand,
Will quickly waſte and give again the day.
Zar. You're too ſecure: the danger is more imminent
Than your high courage ſuffers you to ſee;
While Oſmyn lives, you are not ſafe.
King. His doom
Is paſs'd, if you revoke it not, he dies.
Zar. 'Tis well. By what I heard upon your entrance,
I find I can unfold what yet concerns
You more. One, who did call himſelf Alphonſo,
Was caſt upon my coaſt, as is reported,
And oft had private conference with the king;
To what effect I knew not then: but he,
Alphonſo, ſecretly departed, juſt
About the time our arms embark'd for Spain.
What I know more is, that a triple league
Of ſtricteſt friendſhip was profeſt between
Alphonſo, Heli, and the traitor Oſmyn.
King. Public report is ratify'd in this.
Zar. And Oſmyn's death requir'd of ſtrong neceſſity.
King. Give order ſtrait, that all the pris'ners die.
Zar. Forbear a moment, ſomewhat more I have
Worthy your private ear, and this your miniſter.
King. Let all, except Gonſalez, leave the room.
[*Exit* Perez, *&c.*
Zar. I am your captive, and you've us'd me nobly;
And in return of that, tho' otherwiſe
Your enemy, 'I have diſcover'd Oſmyn
'His private practice and conſpiracy
'Againſt your ſtate: and fully to diſcharge
'Myſelf of what I've undertaken, now'
I think it fit to tell you, that your guards

Are

Are tainted; ſome among 'em have reſolv'd
To reſcue Oſmyn at the place of death.
King. Is treaſon then ſo near us as our guards?
Zar. Moſt certain; tho' my knowledge is not yet
So ripe, to point at the particular men.
King. What's to be done?
Zar. That too I will adviſe.
I have remaining in my train ſome mutes,
A preſent once from the ſultana queen,
In the grand ſignior's court. Theſe from their infancy
Are practic'd in the trade of death; and ſhall
(As their cuſtom is) in private ſtrangle
Oſmyn.
Gonſ. My lord, the queen adviſes well.
King. What off'ring, or what recompence remains
In me, that can be worthy ſo great ſervices?
To caſt beneath your feet the crown you've ſav'd,
Tho' on the head that wears it, were too little.
Zar. Of that hereafter: but, mean time, 'tis fit
You give ſtrict charge, that none may be admitted
To ſee the pris'ner, but ſuch mutes as I
Shall ſend.
King. Who waits there?

Enter Perez.

King. On your life, take heed
That only Zara's mutes, or ſuch who bring
Her warrant, have admittance to the Moor.
Zar. They, and no other, not the princeſs' ſelf.
Per. Your majeſty ſhall be obey'd.
King. Retire. [*Exit* Perez.
Gonſ. That interdiction ſo particular
Pronounc'd with vehemence againſt the princeſs,
Shou'd have more meaning than appears barefac'd.
This king is blinded by his love, and heeds
It not. [*Aſide.*]—Your majeſty ſure might have ſpar'd
The laſt reſtraint: you hardly can ſuſpect
The princeſs is confed'rate with the Moor.
Zar. I've heard her charity did once extend
So far, to viſit him at his requeſt.
Gonſ. Ha!
King. How! She viſit Oſmyn! What, my daughter?
Sel. Madam, take heed; or you have ruin'd all.

Zar

Zar. And after did solicit you on his
Behalf.——

King. Never. You have been misinform'd.

Zar. Indeed! Then 'twas a whisper spread by some
Who wish'd it so; a common art in courts.
I will retire and instantly prepare
Instruction for my ministers of death.

[*Exit* Zara *and* Selima.

Gonsf. There's somewhat yet of mystery in this;
Her words and actions are obscure and double,
Sometimes concur, and sometimes disagree:
I like it not. [*Aside.*

King. What dost thou think, Gonsalez?
Are we not much indebted to this fair one?

Gonsf. I am a little slow of credit, Sir,
In the sincerity of woman's actions.
Methinks this lady's hatred to the Moor
Disquiets her too much; which makes it seem
As if she'd rather that she did not hate him.
I wish her mutes are meant to be employ'd
As she pretends—I doubt it now—Your guards
Corrupted! How? By whom? Who told her so?
I'th' evening Osmyn was to die; at midnight
She begg'd the royal signet to release him;
I'th' morning he must die again; ere noon
Her mutes alone must strangle him, or he'll
Escape. This put together suits not well.

King. Yet that there's truth in what she has discover'd
Is manifest from every circumstance.
This tumult, and the lords who fled with Heli,
Are confirmation;——that Alphonso lives,
Agrees expressly too with her report.

Gonsf. I grant it, Sir; and doubt not, but in rage
Of jealousy, she has discover'd what
She now repents. It may be I'm deceiv'd.
But why that needless caution of the princess?
What if she had seen Osmyn? Tho' t'were strange;
But if she had, what was't to her? Unless
She fear'd her stronger charms might cause the Moor's
Affection to revolt.

King. I thank thee, friend.

There's

There's reaſon in thy doubt, and I am warn'd.—
But think'ſt thou that my daughter ſaw this Moor?
Gonſ. If Oſmyn be, as Zara has related,
Alphonſo's friend, 'tis not impoſſible
But ſhe might wiſh, on his account, to ſee him.
King. Say'ſt thou? By Heav'n, thou haſt rous'd a thought,
That like a ſudden earthquake ſhakes my frame.
Confuſion! then my daughter's an accomplice,
And plots in private with this helliſh Moor.
Gonſ. That were too hard a thought——but ſee, ſhe comes—
'Twere not amiſs to queſtion her a little,
And try, howe'er, if I've divin'd aright.
If what I fear be true, ſhe'll be concern'd
For Oſmyn's death, as he's Alphonſo's friend:
Urge that, to try if ſhe'll ſolicit for him.
Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.
King. Your coming has prevented me, Almeria;
I had determined to have ſent for you.
Let your attendant be diſmiſs'd; I have [Leonora *retires.*
To talk with you. Come near; why doſt thou ſhake?
What mean thoſe ſwoll'n and red-fleck'd eyes, that look
As they had wept in blood, and worn the night
In waking anguiſh? Why this on the day
Which was deſign'd to celebrate thy nuptials;
But that the beams of light are to be ſtain'd
With reeking gore, from traitors on the rack?
Wherefore I have deferr'd the mariage-rites;
Nor ſhall the guilty horrors of this day
Prophane that jubilee.
Alm. All days to me
Henceforth are equal: this, the day of death,
To-morrow, and the next, and each that follows
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roll, and but prolong
One hated line of more extended woe.
King. Whence is thy grief? Give me to know the cauſe;
And look thou anſwer me with truth; for know
I am not unacquainted with thy falſhood.
Why art thou mute? Baſe and degen'rate maid!
Gonſ. Dear Madam, ſpeak, or you'll incenſe the King.
Alm. What is't to ſpeak? Or wherefore ſhould I ſpeak?
What mean theſe tears but grief unutterable?

King.

King. They are the dumb confeſſions of thy guilty mind ;
They mean thy guilt: and ſay thou wert confed'rate
With damn'd conſpirators to take my life.
Oh, impious parricide ! Now canſt thou ſpeak ?
Alm O earth, behold, I kneel upon thy boſom,
And bend my flowing eyes to ſtream upon
Thy face, imploring thee that thou wilt yield ;
Open thy bowels of compaſſion, take
Into thy womb the laſt and moſt forlorn
Of all thy race. Hear me, thou common parent
——I have no parent elſe—be thou a mother,
And ſtep between me and the curſe of him
Who was—who was, but is no more a father ;
But brands my innocence with horrid crimes ;
And for the tender names of child and daughter,
Now calls me murderer and parricide.
King. Riſe, I command thee—and if thou wou
Acquit thyſelf of thoſe deteſted names,
Swear thou haſt never ſeen that foreign dog,
Now doom'd to die, that moſt accurſed Oſmyn.
Alm. Never, but as with innocence I might,
And free of all bad purpoſes. So Heaven's
My witneſs.
King. Vile equivocating wretch !
With innocence ! Oh, patience ! hear—ſhe owns it !
Confeſſes it ! By Heav'n, I'll have him rack'd,
Torn, mangled, flay'd, impal'd—all pains and tortures
That wit of man and dire revenge can think,
Shall he, accumulated, underbear.
Alm. Oh, I am loſt.——There fate begins to wound.
King. Hear me, then; if thou canſt reply ; know, traitreſs,
I'm not to learn that curs'd Alphonſo lives ;
Nor am I ignorant what Oſmyn is——
Alm. Then all is ended, and we both muſt die.
Since thou'rt reveal'd, alone thou ſhalt not die.
And yet alone would I have dy'd, Heav'n knows,
Repeated deaths, rather than have reveal'd thee.
' Yes, all my father's wounding wrath, tho' each
' Reproach cuts deeper than the keeneſt ſword,
' And cleaves my heart, I wou'd have borne it all,

' Nay

' Nay all the pains that are prepar'd for thee ;
' To the remorſeleſs rack I wou'd have giv'n
' This weak and tender fleſh, to have been bruis'd
' And torn, rather than have reveal'd thy being.'

King. Hell, hell! Do I hear this, and yet endure!
What, dar'ſt thou to my face avow thy guilt?
Hence, ere I curſe—fly my juſt rage with ſpeed ;
Leſt I forget us both, and ſpurn thee from me.

Alm. And yet a father! Think, I am your child!
Turn not your eyes away—look on me kneeling ;
Now curſe me if you can, now ſpurn me off.
Did ever father curſe his kneeling child?
Never ; for always bleſſings crown that poſture.
' Nature inclines, and half way meets that duty,
' Stooping to raiſe from earth the filial reverence ;
' For bended knees returning folding arms,
' With pray'rs, and bleſſings, and paternal love.'
Oh, hear me then, thus crawling on the earth———

King. Be thou adviſ'd, and let me go, while yet
The light impreſſion thou haſt made remains.

Alm. No, never will I riſe, nor loſe this hold,
'Till you are mov'd, and grant that he may live.

King. Ha! Who may live? Take heed! No more of that ;
For on my ſoul he dies, tho' thou and I,
And all ſhou'd follow to partake his doom.
Away, off, let me go——Call her attendants.

[Leonora *and women return.*

Alm. Drag me ; harrow the earth with my bare boſom ;
I will not go 'till you have ſpar'd my huſband.

King. Ha! ' What ſay'ſt thou?' Huſband! ' Huſband! damnation!
' What huſband!' Which? Who?

Alm. He, he is my huſband.

King. ' Poiſon and daggers!' Who?

Alm. Oh——— [*Faints.*

' *Conſ.* Help, ſupport her.'

Alm. Let me go, let me fall, ſink deep—I'll dig,
I'll dig a grave, and tear up death ; ' I will ;
' I'll ſcrape, 'till I collect his rotten bones,
' And cloath their nakedneſs with my own fleſh ;'
Yes, I will ſtrip off life, and we will change :

I will be death; then, tho' you kill my husband,
He shall be mine still, and for ever mine.

King. What husband? Whom dost thou mean?

Gonf. She raves!

Alm. 'Oh, that I did.' Osmyn, he is my husband.

King. Osmyn!

Alm. Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear
And wedded husband——Heav'n, and air, and seas,
Ye winds and waves, I call ye all to witness.

King. Wilder than winds or waves thyself dost rave.
Shou'd I hear more, I too shou'd catch thy madness.
'Yet somewhat she must mean of dire import,
'Which I'll not hear, 'till I am more at peace.'
Watch her returning sense, and bring me word;
And look that she attempt not on her life. [*Exit* King.

Alm. Oh, stay, yet stay; 'hear me, I am not mad.
I wou'd to Heav'n I were——He's gone.

Gonf. Have comfort.

Alm. Curs'd be that tongue that bids me be of comfort;
Curs'd my own tongue, that could not move his pity;
Curs'd these weak hands, that could not hold him here;
For he is gone to doom Alphonso's death.

Gonf. Your too excessive grief works on your fancy,
And deludes your sense. Alphonso, if living,
Is far from hence, beyond your father's pow'r.

Alm. Hence, thou detested, ill-tim'd flatterer;
Source of my woes: thou and thy race be curs'd;
But doubly thou, who couldst alone have policy
And fraud to find the fatal secret out,
And know that Osmyn was Alphonso.

Gonf. Ha!

Alm. Why dost thou start? What dost thou see or hear?
Was it the doleful bell, tolling for death?
Or dying groans from my Alphonso's breast?
See, see, look yonder! where a grizzled, pale,
And ghastly herd glares by, all smear'd with blood,
Gasping as it would speak; and after, see;
Behold a damp, dead hand has dropp'd a dagger:
I'll catch it—Hark! a voice cries murder! ah!
My father's voice! hollow it sounds, and calls

Me

Me from the tomb—I'll follow it; for there
I shall again behold my dear Alphonso.
[*Exeunt* Almeria *and* Leonora.
Gonf. She's greatly griev'd; nor am I less surpriz'd.
Osmyn, Alphonso! No; she over rates
My policy; I ne'er suspected it:
Nor now had known it, but from her mistake.
Her husband too! Ha! Where is Garcia then?
And where the crown that shou'd descend on him,
To grace the line of my posterity?
Hold, let me think——if I should tell the king——
Things come to this extremity: his daughter
Wedded already——what if he should yield?
Knowing no remedy for what is past,
And urg'd by nature pleading for his child,
With which he seems to be already shaken.
And tho' I know he hates beyond the grave
Anselmo's race; yet if——that If concludes me.
To doubt, when I may be assur'd, is folly.
But how prevent the captive queen, who means
To set him free? Ay, now 'tis plain. O well
Invented tale! He was Alphonso's friend.
This subtle woman will amuse the king.
If I delay——'twill do——or better so.
One to my wish. Alonzo, thou art welcome.
Enter Alonzo.
Alon. The king expects your lordship.
Gonf. 'Tis no matter.
I'm not i'the way at present, good Alonzo.
Alon. If't please your lordship, I'll return, and say
I have not seen you.
Gonf. Do, my best Alonzo.
Yet stay, I would——but go; anon will serve——
Yet I have that requires thy speedy help.
I think thou wou'dst not stop to do me service.
Alon. I am your creature.
Gonf. Say thou art my friend.
I've seen thy sword do noble execution.
Alon. All that it can your lordship shall command.
Gonf. Thanks; and I take thee at thy word. Thou'st
Amongst the followers of the captive queen, [seen,
Dumb men, who make their meaning known by signs.

Alon. I have, my lord.

Gon. Couldſt thou procure, with ſpeed
And privacy, the wearing garb of one
Of thoſe, tho' purchas'd by his death, I'd give
Thee ſuch reward, as ſhou'd exceed thy wiſh. [ſhip?

Alon. Conclude it done. Where ſhall I wait your lord-

Gon. At my apartment. Uſe thy utmoſt diligence;
And ſay I've not been ſeen--Haſte, good Alonzo. [*Ex.* Al.
So, this can hardly fail. Alphonſo ſlain,
The greateſt obſtacle is then remov'd.
Almeria widow'd, yet again may wed;
And I yet fix the crown on Garcia's head. [*Exit.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a room of ſtate.*

Enter King, Perez, *and* Alonzo.

KING.

NOT to be found! In an ill hour he's abſent.
None, ſay you? none! What, not the fav'rite eunuch?
Nor ſhe herſelf, nor any of her mutes,
Have yet requir'd admittance?

Per. None, my lord.

King. Is Oſmyn ſo diſpos'd as I commanded?

Per. Faſt bound in double chains, and at full length
He lies ſupine on earth; with as much eaſe
She might remove the centre of this earth,
As looſe the rivets of his bonds.

King. 'Tis well.

[*A mute appears, and ſeeing the king, retires.*
Ha! ſtop, and ſeize that mute; Alonzo, follow him.
Ent'ring he met my eyes, and ſtarted back,
Frighted, and fumbling one hand in his boſom,
As to conceal th' importance of his errand.

[Alonzo *follows him, and returns with a paper.*

Alon. A bloody proof of obſtinate fidelity!

King. What doſt thou mean?

Alon.

Alon. Soon as I ſeiz'd the man,
He ſnatch'd from out his boſom this—and ſtrove
With raſh and greedy haſte, at once, to cram
The morſel down his throat. I caught his arm,
And hardly wrench'd his hand to wring it from him;
Which done, he drew a poignard from his ſide,
And on the inſtant plung'd it in his breaſt.

King. Remove the body thence, ere Zara ſee it.

Alon. I'll be ſo bold to borrow his attire;
'Twill quit me of my promiſe to Gonſalez. [*Aſide. Exit.*

' *Per.* What'e'er it is, the king's complexion turns.'

King. How's this? My mortal foe beneath my roof!
[*Having read the letter.*
Oh, give me patience, all ye powers! No, rather
Give me new rage, implacable revenge,
And trebled fury——Ha! who's there?

Per My lord. [pry

King. Hence, ſlave! how dar'ſt thou bide, to watch and
Into how poor a thing a king deſcends,
How like thyſelf, when paſſion treads him down?
Ha! ſtir not, on thy life; for thou wert fix'd,
And planted here, to ſee me gorge this bait,
And laſh againſt the hook—By Heav'n, you're all
Rank traitors; thou art with the reſt combin'd;
Thou knew'ſt that Oſmyn was Alphonſo; knew'ſt
My daughter privately with him conferr'd;
And wert the ſpy and pander to their meeting.

Per. By all that's holy, I'm amaz'd——

King. Thou ly'ſt.
Thou art accomplice too with Zara; here
Where ſhe ſets down—*Still will I ſet thee free*—[Reading.
That ſomewhere is repeated—*I have power*
O'er them that are thy guards—Mark that, thou traitor.

Per. It was your majeſty's command I ſhould
Obey her order.——

King. [Reading.]——*And ſtill will I ſet*
Thee free, Alphonſo——Hell! curs'd, curs'd Alphonſo!
Falſe and perfidious Zara! Strumpet daughter!
Away, begone, thou feeble boy, fond love;
All nature, ſoftneſs, pity and compaſſion,
This hour I throw ye off, and entertain
Fell hate within my breaſt, revenge and gall.

By Heav'n, I'll meet, and counterwork this treachery.
Hark thee, villain, traitor—anſwer me, ſlave.

Per. My ſervice has not merited thoſe titles.

King. Dar'ſt thou reply? 'Take that'—thy ſervice! thine! '[*Strikes him.*'

What's thy whole life, thy ſoul, thy all, to my
One moment's eaſe? Hear my command; and look
That thou obey, or horror on thy head:
Drench me thy dagger in Alphonſo's heart.
Why doſt thou ſtart? Reſolve, or——

Per. Sir, I will.

King. 'Tis well—that when ſhe comes to ſet him free,
His teeth may grin, and mock at her remorſe.
[Perez *going.*
—Stay thee—I've farther thought—I'll add to this,
And give her eyes yet greater diſappointment:
When thou haſt ended him, bring me his robe;
And let the cell where ſhe'll expect to ſee him
Be darken'd, ſo as to amuſe the ſight.
I'll be conducted thither——mark me well——
There with his turbant, and his robe array'd,
And laid along, as he now lies, ſupine,
I ſhall convict her, to her face, of falſhood.
When for Alphonſo's ſhe ſhall take my hand,
And breathe her ſighs upon my lips for his;
Sudden I'll ſtart and daſh her with her guilt.
But ſee, ſhe comes. I'll ſhun th' encounter; thou
Follow me, and give heed to my direction. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Zara *and* Selim.

Za. 'The mute not yet return'd!' ha! 'twas the king,
The king that parted hence! frowning he went;
'His eyes like meteors roll'd, then darted down
'Their red and angry beams; as if his ſight
'Would, like the raging dog-ſtar, ſcorch the earth,
'And kindle ruin in its courſe:' Doſt think
He ſaw me?

Sel. Yes: but then, as if he thought
His eyes had err'd, he haſtily recall'd
Th' imperfect look, and ſternly turn'd away.

Za. Shun me when ſeen! I fear thou haſt undone me.
'Thy ſhallow artifice begets ſuſpicion,
'And, like a cobweb veil, but thinly ſhades
'The

'The face of thy design; alone disguising
'What should have ne'er been seen; imperfect mischief!
'Thou, like the adder, venomous and deaf,
'Hast stung the traveller, and after hear'st
'Not his pursuing voice; e'en when thou think'st
'To hide, the rustling leaves and bended grass
'Confess and point the path which thou hast crept.
'Oh, fate of fools! officious in contriving;
'In executing, puzzled, lame, and lost.'

Sel. Avert, it Heav'n, that you should ever suffer
For my defect; or that the means which I
Devis'd to serve, should ruin your design.
Prescience is Heav'n's alone, not giv'n to man.
If I have fail'd, in what, as being man,
I needs must fail; impute not as a crime
My nature's want, but punish nature in me;
I plead not for a pardon, and not to live,
But to be punish'd and forgiven. Here, strike;
I bare my breast to meet your just revenge.

Za. I have not leisure now to take so poor
A forfeit as thy life; somewhat of high
And more important fate requires my thought.
'When I've concluded on myself, if I
'Think fit, I'll leave thee my command to die.'
Regard me well; and dare not to reply
To what I give in charge; for I'm resolv'd.
Give order that the two remaining mutes
Attend me instantly, with each a bowl
Of such ingredients mix'd, as will with speed
Benumb the living faculties, and give
Most easy and inevitable death.
Yes, Osmyn, yes; be Osmyn or Alphonso,
I'll give thee freedom, if thou dar'st be free:
Such liberty as I embrace myself,
Thou shalt partake. Since fates no more afford;
I can but die with thee, to keep my word. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *opening, shews the prison.*

Enter Gonsalez *disguised like a mute, with a dagger.*

Gon. Nor centinel, nor guard! the doors unbarr'd!
And all as still, as at the noon of night!
Sure death already has been busy here.

There

There lies my way; that door too is unlock'd. [*Looking in.*
Ha! ſure he ſleeps—all's dark within, ſave what
A lamp, that feebly lifts a ſickly flame,
By fits reveals—his face ſeems turn'd, to favour
Th' attempt: I'll ſteal and do it unperceiv'd.
What noiſe! ſomebody coming? 'ſt, Alonzo?
Nobody. Sure he'll wait without——— I would
'Twere done—I'll crawl, and ſting him to the heart,
Then caſt my ſkin, and leave it there to anſwer it. [*Goes in.*

Enter Garcia *and* Alonzo.

Gar. Where, where, Alonzo, where's my father? where
The king? Confuſion! all is on the rout!
All's loſt, all ruin'd by ſurprize and treachery.
Where, where is he! Why doſt thou miſlead me?

Alon. My lord, he enter'd but a moment ſince,
And could not paſs me unperceiv'd—What hoa!
My lord, my lord! What hoa! my lord Gonſalez!

Enter Gonſalez *bloody.*

Gon. Perdition choak your clamours——whence this rudeneſs?
Garcia! [

Gar. Perdition, ſlavery, and death,
Are ent'ring now our doors. Where is the king?
What means this blood; and why this face of horror?

Gon. No matter—give me firſt to know the cauſe
Of theſe your raſh, and ill-tim'd exclamations.

Gar. The eaſtern gate is to the foe betray'd,
Who, but for heaps of ſlain that choak the paſſage,
Had enter'd long ere now, and borne down all
Before 'em, to the palace walls. Unleſs
The king in perſon animate our men,
Granada's loſt; and to confirm this fear,
The traitor Perez, and the captive Moor,
Are through a poſtern fled, and join the foe.

Gon. Would all were falſe as that; for whom you call
The Moor is dead. That Oſmyn was Alphonſo;
In whoſe heart's blood this poignard yet is warm.

Gar. Impoſſible; for Oſmyn was, while flying,
Pronounc'd aloud by Perez for Alphonſo.

Gon. Enter that chamber, and convince your eyes,
How much report has wrong'd your eaſy faith.
[Garcia *goes in.*

Alon.

Alon. My lord, for certain truth Perez is fled;
And has declar'd, the cauſe of his revolt
Was to revenge a blow the king had giv'n him.
Gar. [*Returning.*] Ruin and horror! Oh, heart-wounding ſight!
Gon. What ſays my ſon? What ruin? Ha! what horror?
Gar. Blaſted my eyes, and ſpeechleſs be my tongue,
Rather than or to ſee, or to relate
This deed—Oh, dire miſtake! Oh, fatal blow!
The king———
Gon. Alon. The king!
Gar. Dead, welt'ring, drown'd in blood.
See, ſee, attir'd like Oſmyn, where he lies. [*They look in.*
Oh, whence, or how, or wherefore was this done?
But what imports the manner or the cauſe?
Nothing remains to do, or to require,
But that we all ſhould turn our ſwords againſt
Ourſelves, and expiate with our own, his blood.
Gon. Oh, wretch! Oh, curs'd and raſh deluded fool!
On me, on me turn your avenging ſwords.
I, who have ſpilt my royal maſter's blood,
Should make atonement by a death as horrid,
And fall beneath the hand of my own ſon.
Gar. Ha! what! atone this murder with a greater!
The horror of that thought has damp'd my rage.
'The earth already groans to bear this deed;
'Oppreſs her not, nor think to ſtain her face
'With more unnatural blood. Murder my father!
'Better with this to rip up my own bowels,
'And bathe it to the hilt, in far leſs damnable
'Self-murder.'
Gon. Oh, my ſon! from the blind dotage
Of a father's fondneſs theſe ills aroſe.
For thee I've been ambitious, baſe, and bloody:
For thee I've plung'd into this ſea of ſin;
Stemming the tide with only one weak hand,
While t'other bore the crown (to wreathe thy brow)
Whoſe weight has ſunk me, ere I reach'd the ſhore.
Gar. Fatal ambition! Hark! the foe is enter'd: [*Shout.*
The ſhrillneſs of that ſhout ſpeaks them at hand.
'We have no time to ſearch into the cauſe
'Of this ſurpriſing and moſt fatal error.

'What's

'What's to be done? the king's death known, would
'The few remaining soldiers with despair, [strike
'And make them yield to mercy of the conqueror.'

Alon. My lord, I've thought how to conceal the body.
Require me not to tell the means, till done,
Lest you forbid what you may then approve.
[*Goes in. Shout.*

Gon. They shout again! Whate'er he means to do,
'Twere fit the soldiers were amus'd with hopes;
And in the mean time fed with expectation
To see the king in person at their head.

Gar. Were it a truth, I fear 'tis now too late.
But I'll omit no care, nor haste,; and try,
Or to repel their force, or bravely die. [*Exit* Garcia.

Re-enter Alonzo.

Gon. What hast thou done, Alonzo?

Alon. Such a deed,
As but an hour ago I'd not have done,
Though for the crown of universal empire.
But what are kings reduc'd to common clay?
Or who can wound the dead?—I've from the body
Sever'd the head, and in an obscure corner
Dispos'd it, muffled in the mute's attire,
Leaving to view of them who enter next,
Alone the undistinguishable trunk:
Which may be still mistaken by the guards
For Osmyn, if in seeking for the king,
They chance to find it.

Gon. 'Twas an act of horror;
And of a piece with this day's dire misdeeds.
But 'tis no time to ponder or repent.
Haste thee, Alonzo, haste thee hence with speed,
To aid my son. I'll follow with the last
Reserve, to reinforce his arms: at least,
I shall make good and shelter his retreat.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Zara, *followed by* Selim, *and two mutes bearing the bowls.*

Za. Silence and solitude are every where.
Through all the gloomy ways and iron doors
That hither lead, nor human face nor voice
Is seen or heard. 'A dreadful din was wont

'To

' To grate the ſenſe, when enter'd here, from groans
' And howls of ſlaves condemn'd; from clink of chains,
' And craſh of ruſty bars and creeking hinges:
' And ever and anon the ſight was daſh'd
' With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
' Of grim and ghaſtly executioners.
' Yet more this ſtillneſs terrifies my ſoul,
' Than did that ſcene of complicated horrors.
' It may be that the cauſe of this my errand
' And purpoſe, being chang'd from life to death,
' Had alſo wrought this chilling change of temper.
' Or does my heart bode more? What can it more
' Than death?'
Let 'em ſet down the bowls, and warn Alphonſo
That I am here—ſo. You return and find
[*Mutes going in.*
The king; tell him, what he requir'd, I've done,
And wait his coming to approve the deed. [*Exit* Selim.

Enter Mutes.

Zara. What have you ſeen? Ha! wherefore ſtare you thus [*The mutes return and look affrighted.*
With haggard eyes? Why are your arms acroſs?
Your heavy and deſponding heads hung down?
Why is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad ſigns?
Give me more ample knowledge of this mourning.
[*They go to the ſcene, which opening, She perceives the body.*
Ha! proſtrate! bloody! headleſs! Oh———I'm loſt.
Oh, Oſmyn! Oh, Alphonſo! Cruel fate!
Cruel, cruel, Oh, more than killing object!
I came prepar'd to die, and ſee thee die—
Nay, came prepar'd myſelf to give thee death—
But cannot bear to find thee thus, my Oſmyn———
Oh, this accurs'd, this baſe, this treach'rous king!

Enter Selim.

Selim. I've ſought in vain, for no where can the king Be found———

Zar. Get thee to hell, and ſeek him there. [*Stabs him.*
His helliſh rage had wanted means to act,
But for thy fatal and pernicious counſel.

Sel. You thought it better then——but I'm rewarded.
The mute you ſent, by ſome miſchance was ſeen,

And

And forc'd to yield your letter with his life;
I found the dead and bloody body ſtripp'd———
My tongue faulters, and my voice fails——I ſink——
Drink not the poiſon—for Alphonſo is——— [*Dies.*

Zar. As thou art now—and I ſhall quickly be.
'Tis not that he is dead: for 'twas decreed
We both ſhould die. Nor is't that I ſurvive;
I have a certain remedy for that.
But, Oh, he dy'd unknowing in my heart.
He knew I lov'd, but knew not to what height:
Nor that I meant to fall before his eyes,
A martyr and a victim to my vows.
Inſenſible of this laſt proof he's gone;
'Yet fate alone can rob his mortal part
'Of ſenſe; his ſoul ſtill ſees and knows each purpoſe,
'And fix'd event, of my perſiſting faith.'
Then wherefore do I pauſe? Give me the bowl.
[*A mute kneels and gives one of the bowls.*
Hover a moment, yet, thou gentle ſpirit,
Soul of my love, and I will wait thy flight.
This to our mutual bliſs, when join'd above. [*Drinks.*
Oh, friendly draught, already in my heart.
Cold, cold; my veins are icicles and froſt.
I'll creep into his boſom, lay me there;
Cover us cloſe—or I ſhall chill his breaſt,
And fright him from my arms—See, ſee, he ſlides
Still farther from me; look, he hides his face,
I cannot feel it—quite beyond my reach,—
Oh, now he's gone, and all is dark—— [*Dies.*
[*The mutes kneel and mourn over her.*

Enter Almeria *and* Leonora.

Alm. Oh, let me ſeek him in this horrid cell;
For in the tomb, or priſon, I alone
Muſt hope to find him.

Leon. Heavens! what diſmal ſcene
Of death is this? The eunuch Selim ſlain!

Alm. Shew me, for I am come in ſearch of death;
But want a guide; for tears have dimm'd my ſight.

Leon. Alas, a little farther, and behold
Zara all pale and dead! two frightful men,
Who ſeem the murderers, kneel weeping by;
Feeling remorſe too late for what they've done.

But, Oh, forbear—lift-up your eyes no more;
But haſte away, fly from this fatal place,
Where miſeries are multiply'd; return,
Return, and look not on; for there's a dagger
Ready to ſtab the ſight, and make your eyes
Rain blood———

Alm. Oh, I foreknow, foreſee that object.
Is it at laſt then ſo? Is he then dead?
'What, dead at laſt? quite, quite, for every dead?
'There, there, I ſee him; there he lies, the blood
'Yet bubbling from his wounds—Oh, more than ſavage!
'Had they or hearts or eyes that did this deed?
'Could eyes endure to guide ſuch cruel hands?
'Are not my eyes guilty alike with theirs,
'That thus can gaze, and yet not turn to ſtone?
——I do not weep! The ſprings of tears are dry'd;
And of a ſudden I am calm, as if
All things were well; and yet my huſband's murder'd!
Yes, yes, I know to mourn! I'll ſluice this heart,
The ſource of woe, and let the torrent looſe.
——Thoſe men have left to weep! they look on me!
I hope they murder all on whom they look.
Behold me well; your bloody hands have err'd,
And wrongfully have ſlain thoſe innocents:
I am the ſacrifice deſign'd to bleed,
And come prepar'd to yield my throat——They ſhake
Their heads in ſign of grief and innocence!
[*They point at the bowl on the ground.*
And point! What mean they? Ha! a cup; Oh, well,
I underſtand what med'cine has been here.
Oh, noble thirſt! yet greedy to drink all———
——Oh, for another draught of death——'What mean
they? [*They point at the other cup.*
'Ha! point again!' 'tis there, and full, I hope.
Thanks to the lib'ral hand that fill'd thee thus,
I'll drink my glad acknowledgment——

Leon. Oh, hold
For mercy's ſake, upon my knee I beg———

Alm. With thee the kneeling world ſhould beg in vain.
Seeſt thou not there? Behold who proſtrate lies,
And pleads againſt thee; who ſhall then prevail?
Yet I will take a cold and parting leave
From his pale lips; I'll kiſs him ere I drink,

Leſt the rank juice ſhould bliſter on my mouth,
And ſtain the colour of my laſt adieu.
Horror! a headleſs trunk! nor lips nor face,
[*Coming near the body, ſtarts and lets fall the cup.*
But ſpouting veins, and mangled fleſh! Oh, Oh!
Enter Alphonſo, Heli, Perez, *with* Garcia *priſoner.*
Guards and attendants.

Alph. Away, ſtand off, where is ſhe? let me fly,
Save her from death, and ſnatch her to my heart.

Alm. Oh!

Alph. Forbear; my arms alone ſhall hold her up,
Warm her to life, and wake her into gladneſs.
'Oh, let me talk to thy reviving ſenſe
'The words of joy and peace; warm thy cold beauties
'With the new fluſhing ardour of my cheek;
'Into thy lips pour the ſoft trickling balm
'Of cordial ſighs; and reinſpire thy boſom
'With the breath of love. Shine, awake, Almeria,'
Give a new birth to thy long-ſhaded eyes,
Then double on the day reflected light.

Alm. Where am I? Heav'n! what does this dream intend?

Alph. Oh, may'ſt thou never dream of leſs delight,
Nor ever wake to leſs ſubſtantial joys.

Alm. Giv'n me again from death! Oh, all ye pow'rs,
Confirm this miracle! Can I believe
My ſight 'againſt my ſight? and ſhall I truſt
'That ſenſe, which in one inſtant ſhews him dead
'And living?'—Yes, I will; I've been abus'd
With apparitions and affrighting phantoms:
This is my lord, my life, my only huſband,
I have him now, and we no more will part.
My father too ſhall have compaſſion——

Alph. Oh, my heart's comfort; 'tis not giv'n to this
Frail life, to be intirely bleſs'd. E'en now,
In this extremeſt joy my ſoul can taſte,
Yet I am daſh'd to think that thou muſt weep;
Thy father fell where he deſign'd my death.
Gonſalez and Alonzo, both of wounds
Expiring, have, with their laſt breath, confeſs'd
The juſt decrees of Heav'n, which on themſelves
Has turn'd their own moſt bloody purpoſes.

Nay, I muſt grant, 'tis fit you ſhould be thus——
[*She weeps.*
' Let 'em remove the body from her ſight.'
Ill-fated Zara! Ha! a cup! Alas!
Thy error then is plain! but I were flint
Not to o'erflow in tribute to thy memory.
Oh, Garcia!——
Whoſe virtue has renounc'd thy father's crimes,
Seeſt thou, how juſt the hand of Heav'n has been?
Let us, who through our innocence ſurvive,
Still in the paths of honour perſevere,
And not from paſt or preſent ills deſpair;
For bleſſings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late, a ſure reward ſucceeds.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

END of the FIFTH ACT.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by ALMERIA.

THE tragedy thus done, I am, you know,
No more a princeſs, but in ſtatu quo;
And now as unconcern'd this mourning wear,
As if indeed a widow, or an heir.
I've leiſure, now, to mark your ſev'ral faces,
And know each critic by his ſour grimaces.
To poiſon plays, I ſee them where they ſit,
Scatter'd, like ratſbane, up and down the pit;
While others watch, like pariſh-ſearchers hir'd,
To tell of what diſeaſe the play expir'd.
Oh, with what joy they run to ſpread the new
Of a damn'd poet, and departed muſe!
But if he 'ſcape, with what regret they're ſeiz'd!
And how they're diſappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Critics to plays for the ſame end reſort,
That ſurgeons wait on trials in a court:
For innocence condemn'd they've no reſpect,
Provided they've a body to diſſect.
As Suſſex men, that dwell upon the ſhore,
Look out when ſtorms ariſe, and billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted hands,
That ſome well-laden ſhip may ſtrike the ſands,
To whoſe rich cargo they may make pretence,
And fatten on the ſpoils of Providence:
So critics throng to ſee a new play ſplit,
And thrive and proſper on the wrecks of wit.
Small hope our poet from theſe proſpects draws;
And therefore to the fair commends his cauſe.
Your tender hearts to mercy are inclin'd,
With whom, he hopes, this play will favour find,
Which was an off'ring to the ſex deſign'd.

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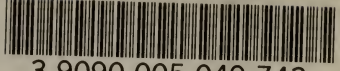

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